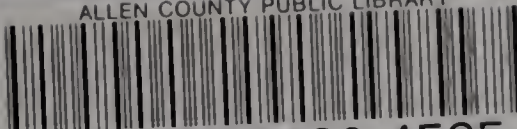


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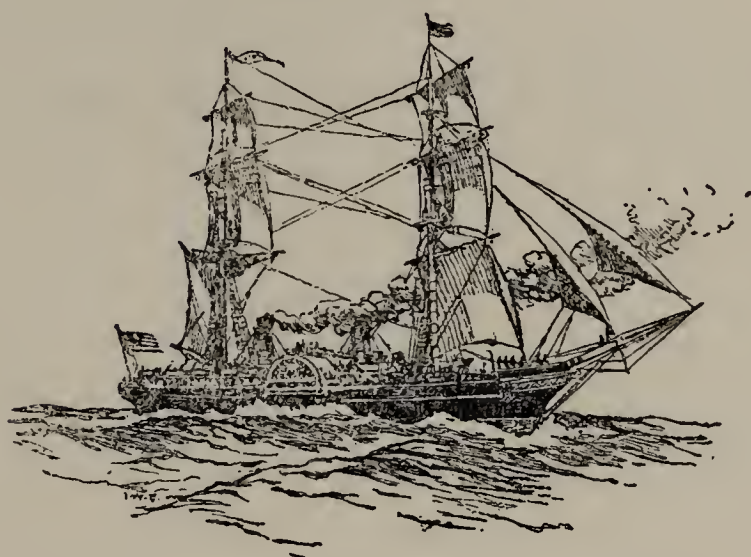
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DIARY OF
JANE BALDWIN SMITH



DIARY OF
JANE BALDWIN SMITH
1867

WITH LETTERS OF
EVA SMITH
GENEALOGY



PRIVATELY PRINTED
1930



1445306

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DIARY OF
JANE BALDWIN SMITH

Jane Baldwin Smith—Mrs. Alexander Smith—Aunt Jane—Mother—Grandmother—these were the names, formal and intimate, that stood to her contemporaries for a strong and vivid personality, gay, friendly, humorous. How few are left to remember her as she was! All the friends of her own generation have passed from the familiar scenes of their time. All of the following generation, including the two who called her Mother, have joined her in the Great Beyond. In the generation of her grandchildren there are those who remember Aunt Jane—Grandmother, but the memory has to bridge so many years, with their varied experiences, and to extend back in my case (her eldest grandchild) to days of such extreme youth that the picture grows dim, the outlines are blurred, and a few years will suffice to leave no memory of her on the earth. To me, Grandmother Smith has been a dim memory from my babyhood, a loving tradition from my own dear mother, and a face smiling down on me from her picture on my Yonkers bedroom wall. Then this diary of her trip to Europe in 1867 fell into my hands and she lives again, a vibrant person. How warm and human! She loves people, life, beauty, action—is brave and unselfish in times of suffering

and fatigue; responsive to friendly encounters on her way; her heart ever seeking, across the great distance dividing them, the kind and loving partner of her life who works and plans at home for the dear ones for whom he is providing the wonderful experience; guarding and guiding her children who share the great adventure with her. Her pleasure in good food, pleasant people, pretty clothes, lovely scenery rings out fresh and childlike from the past.

I have a great longing to make her known to her children's children's children; to extend the knowledge of her for a few more generations, that they may realize what manner of woman she was. With my children then, and with all the children and grandchildren of Eva Smith Cochran, her daughter, I share the pleasure of cherishing, in this permanent form, the diary of the European Trip taken by Jane Baldwin Smith and her children Eva and Warren in 1867.

ANNA COCHRAN EWING.

YONKERS, NEW YORK,
November, 1930.

DIARY OF JANE BALDWIN SMITH

Yonkers, May 3d, 1867.

May 3—Friday. Closed our house, parted with our Yonkers friends and left in 4.30 train for N. Y. Spent the night at 5th Avenue Hotel. Anson¹ very sick and despondent.

May 4th. Went on board Steamer Pereire at eleven o'clock. Beautiful day. Mr. Raymond and James were first to bid us goodbye, Mr. Copcutt next. Some 20 of our friends honored us by their presence. Goodbyes are painful under all circumstances, particularly in this case—my husband left behind. Shall we ever meet again? I felt a severe sick headache coming on and almost ready to faint when we left the dock, amidst the cheers of hundreds congregated to see us off. We all went bravely to the dinner table at 4 o'clock. Eva soon left, I soon followed, leaving W. to finish the course. I was fearfully sick all night and the following day; instead of suffering from fear, I should not have cared a straw if I had been told the steamer was afire or going to the bottom.

May 5th—Sunday. Made an effort to stay on deck but was obliged to accept Mr. Welch's ser-

¹A brother to J. B. S.

DIARY OF

vices to reach my state room which I did not leave again that day. The sickness is general. Sea not rough but short chopping waves which causes the steamer to rool. Not a lady in the dining saloon today.

May 6th. Beautiful day. On deck all day, enjoying everything exceedingly, even the meals. Where is the fear I expected to experience? If Alex was only here I would have nothing to wish for. Mr. Sampson introduced his wife today; I like her. He is kind to us, also some Bostonians. A little boy fell and broke his arm today, a fine little fellow who afforded us much amusement yesterday. Wind southeast. Making 13 knot an hour. Sunset fine. I enjoyed it very much.

May 7th. Much colder than yesterday. Wind from the same quarter. We are likely to have a longer passage than usual in consequence. Signalled an E. steamer. Am sorry I missed seeing the whales which were seen yesterday while I was at dinner. We are off the banks of Newfoundland. Were in the fog last nt. Whistle blew, did not hear it, being sound asleep. Sea air makes me very sleepy.

May 8th. Am feeling very well today. E. and W. are somewhat drooping with loss of appetite.



EVA SMITH (1866)

I believe I have theirs and mine also. Saw two sea gulls this morning. We are about 8 or 9 hundred miles out. A large steamer in sight in the distance. It is a charming day. The passengers are recovering from their sickness. Everything is bright and cheerful. How I enjoy this fine air. Saw some whales spouting in the distance. Ship rools very much, causing a great deal of clatter in dining saloon. Remained in saloon till past ten P. M. talking with Mr. and Mrs. Castleton from Philadelphia. Pleasant people.

May 9th. Excessively cold, made sail for the first. Breakfasted with Mr. Gardiner, to whom W. introduced me, and Mr. Welch. The latter sent me a nice cup of tea last N. and today a glass of wine, to W. and me. Eva on deck rooled up in shawl. Indebted to Mr. Sargeant for some Bananas. He is quite polite to E. The whole family seem like very pleasant people. Made a very good dinner, going through all the courses. Very rough sea, dishes rooling from the table in all directions. E., W. and I spent remainder of day cozily in state room, did not go to tea, the first meal I have missed since Monday dinner. Met a vessel under full sail while at dinner, creating quite an excitement. We have passed 5 vessels bound for Europe—some of them sailed two or three days before us.

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May 10th—Friday. Cold, windy and cloudy. I felt quite sick when I awoke and made my way immediately for the deck. It is excessively rough—the waves at times breaking over the hurricane deck. I had a bad fall in my endeavor to reach the deck. Mr. Castleton kindly assisted me & sent me some breakfast. A beautiful white sea gull came and hovered over my head. I imagined him to be a messenger from home. We have had a little grey bird with white breast visit us two or three times this morning, lighting on the rigging. It is now 1 o'clock P. M. clearing off beautifully. Met an English steamer bound for New York, a beautiful sight, about 1 mile distant. Mr. Welch is very kind as well as entertaining. Yesterday explained the compass, etc. We have been passing through the furious forties, or Devil's Courthouse today. Sea very rough accompanied with rain. E. and I took our tea in state room, dry bread and cheese, cup of tea sitting on the wash bowl, contents of cream jug floating over state room floor, E. and I clinging to the door to steady ourselves—waves running 15 feet high—oranges, apples and nuts rooling pell mell from table to floor.

May 11th—Saturday. Just a week today since we embarked. We have had delightful weather till yesterday. Nothing worthy of remark has occurred

today—occasional rain and sunshine. A beautiful and peculiar sunset & rainbow. The sea is much more calm than it has been.

May 12th—Sunday. Attended mass in the Saloon. Bishop of Texas officiating. Afterward spent the morning upon deck—a lovely day and calm sea. 2 P. M. sermon in saloon by Bishop Spaulding of Baltimore. Splendid dinner, consisting of green turtle soup, next alamode beef, salmon, roast chicken, sweetbreads, mashed potato & tomatoes, filet of beef with truffles, game & salad, roast mutton, pudding of rice & peaches & apricots; Nougat; 3 or 4 kinds of nuts, oranges, apples, figs, raisins, dates, fine cheese, wine, etc. Beautiful evening on deck till near 12 o'clock. Moonlight.

May 13th—Monday. Delightful weather. Sea calm. Nearing Brest rapidly—3 vessels in sight. Everyone looking bright and cheerful. I am feeling *very* well. I have enjoyed the voyage exceedingly—rather dread the future. Mr. Welch is quite attentive. I am afraid he will be a little troublesome. It is all well meant, but I am getting a little tired of him—like Mr. Gardiner better. Writing seems the order of the morning. I have been writing to Alex. Am afraid I shall tire him with my long letters, but it seems so much like talking with him & is

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such a pleasure to me. It seems like being near him. How much I do wish he was with us. We have just dined. It is a mystery to me how such dinners can be prepared in so small a compass. Dinner pretty much the same as yesterday with the addition of ices and preserved fruits. Our opposite neighbours at table are rejoicing at the prospect of so soon reaching their journey's end. I am sorry to part with them. They seem like old friends. One day more at sea—& then what? If our future journeys are as pleasant as this journey has been to me I shall not complain. We have had a delightful evening in the Salon with Mr. & Mrs. Castleton. Mr. Welch kindly sent his tea caddy and I made tea for our party, Mr. W. joining us. He is almost too persistent in his desire to be useful to us in Paris. We all separated at a late hour, hoping to see France at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning.

May 14th—Tuesday morning. Everyone rising early to catch the first glimpse of land. Cast anchor in the harbor of Brest at six minutes after 7 o'clock A. M. As flowers were the last offering when we left, so flowers were the first offering of France—large baskets full were distributed to the passengers by the officers, beautiful roses and flowers of every description, large Peonies. Vegetation seems very much more forward here than at home. Trees are

JANE BALDWIN SMITH

in full leaf, looking more like midsummer than Spring. The harbor is perfectly beautiful, strongly fortified. Such antiquated buildings, lovely green fields on one side, needle rocks projecting far into the sea on the other, presenting such a strange, beautiful aspect that now that we have left them and are far out to sea on our way to Havre, it seems like a beautiful dream. It was quite an exciting scene when the tug which came out to us for the passengers leaving the boat at Brest, cast loose amid cheers & wavings. We were very sorry to part with our friends. We have exchanged cards & hope to meet again. Gabriel Castleton said he would visit us on our return. Gave us his number, 29 Beaver Street, N. Y.

May 15th. Arrived at Havre at 7 A. M. after a rainy and rather rough passage from Brest. Passed through examination of trunks etc. very nicely. They opened only one trunk (Eva's). It was not as unpleasant an operation as I had expected. W. and E. get along gloriously. How glad I am to be on land again, though everything seems strange and odd. Took a carriage in which was packed our trunks, 3 in number, our boxes & bags & selves, and were galloped to the station by *one* unfortunate horse decorated with bells. All the hack horses wear them. I see very few two horse vehicles. Arriving

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at the station, leaving W. to make arrangements, I used my eyes, ears being of little use amidst all this gabbering of French, I peeped into a little room where was a display of cakes, oranges, &c, when a volley of French chatter was discharged at me, accompanied with gesticulations & the flourish of a white towel. I was finally made to understand that I was to attend to the demands of nature, which cost me 3 sous, the first money spent by me on French soil. You are obliged to pay your way here, & pretty steeply, too. Mr. & Mrs. Sampson and ourselves occupied the same carriage & a right merry time we had. We saw but little of Havre, the day being misty and not affording any view. We thought we would go at once to Rouen. We left at 11 A. M. arriving at Rouen at 1 P. M. Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. White, her daughter, rode up from the depot with us, stopped at Hotel D'Angleterre, which is very cleanly and nice. Had our first meal there, a breakfast of mutton chops, fried potatoes & the nicest rools & French butter which with the addition of salt is excellent. Took a carriage & visited cathedral St. Ouen. Ascended to the top, 200 steps—a beautiful structure. Got a valet de place at Cathedral who went with us over the city to the Hall of Justice where a criminal was being tried for some Church theft. The room was papered with dark crimson paper with a large Bee in gilt over it, a

beautifully gilded ceiling. We saw the Duke of Bedford's palace, a fine old building elaborately carved exterior, now used as a bank. The place where Joan of Arc was burned, and place where she offered her last prayer, the Duke of Normandy's palace, opposite the Cathedral. Returned to hotel & dined table d'hôte, very nice dinner of 6 or 7 courses. In the evening went to walk, did a little shopping & returned early, delighted with our first day in France.

May 16th—Thursday. Breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9—everything so nice & clean. Am delighted with everything at Rouen. (The Sargents came last night). Took a carriage and drove out to Bon Secour on St. Catherine's hill—one of the most beautiful drives I ever remember. Day cloudy, affording a fine opportunity of seeing the country which is extremely lovely. Returning, drove round the boulevards—magnificent drives bordered with two or three rows of elms. Left with regret at qr. before 2 for Paris. Entering the carriage, found ourselves with the Pysers, our fellow passengers on the Pereire. Mr. P. is deranged—felt a little nervous at being shut up with him. Wal being sick was obliged to get off at the first station we stopped at—Vernon—leaving E. and myself to proceed to Paris alone. Our fellow passenger Miss Pyser kindly vol-

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unteered all necessary information, for which we were very grateful, thereby making it quite easy for us. The baggage was not examined again. Procured a carriage and drove to the Grand Hotel, where we succeeded in getting two small rooms with 3 beds in the 5th story (there being only one other room in the 6th story empty) at 20 francs a day. It is as gloomy, dark and disagreeable as possible. E. and I went down five pairs of stairs to the restaurant to dine, ordered soup, sweet breads and green peas, roast chicken and cresses, strawberries at a cost of 16 Francs. Rode up in the elevator, not to be compared with that at 5th Avenue for ingenuity & convenience—met W. in the hall, just arrived. He has gone for a bath, first experience of Parisian life, tip-top of the house, with two candles, their combined light barely making darkness visible. Famishing for a glass of ice water which I am told I can't have, there being no ice short of the ice-house. My first impression of Paris life is anything but pleasant.

May 17th—Friday. Awakened with headache and general feeling of uncomfortableness. Unpacked and repacked trunk, breakfasted very satisfactorily with E. & W., took a carriage and made arrangements to leave Paris. Left cards for the Cornells and Whitings—very sorry not to see them. Would lose a week of this fine weather if we waited.

Did some shopping and got somewhat of an idea of Paris by riding round. Returned to Grand Hotel—left *one* trunk there (got receipt) walked out in search of a restaurant to dine, passed a number but seeing no ladies dared not venture. Could remember but one of the many recommended, *Palais Royal*—walked a mile or more in search. When found proved to be 3d or 4th rate. Dined, however. Very much amused if not gratified, returned to hotel. W. meantime lost Bradshaw's guide, which we had just purchased. Fearful we should miss the train for Marseilles, arrived in great excitement, found we had 15 minutes to spare—settled ourselves in first-class car for a 20 hours ride. Slept about 15 minutes during the ride, beautiful night, moon at full, passed through a most beautifully cultivated country.

May 18th. Passing through the valley of the Rhone, very beautiful, more picturesque than the north of F. but not so highly cultivated—soil more barren—vine cultivated almost exclusively—large quantities of trees which the natives are divesting of their leaves, supposed to be bay trees. Also large groves of grey green trees, supposed to be Olives. Another tree, brighter foliage, with a green fruit size of small peach. Passed through many queer towns & villages. Having no guide cannot name

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them. The valley is beautiful, the hills on either side grand & imposing, many of them crowned with old ruins, fortifications, monuments, &c. Avignon seems large and the buildings grand, in olden time a place of great importance. One wearies of this monotonous cream colored stone, difficult sometimes to distinguish between the natural formation and the artificial. We are passing through the country of the olive and the vine. Soil seems too barren to be productive. We were almost famished when we stopped at a station for 25 minutes, then being 1 P. M. having had nothing much since our never to be forgotten dinner at the Palais Royal, Paris. Arrived at Marseilles at 4 P. M., tired out, looking like emigrants. After a wash & dinner (at Grand Hotel, Marseilles, a very nice place & English spoken) we took a carriage and drove round and about the city. There is a very fine sea wall & drive round the shore, the wall partially built of large blocks of wood covered with Asphaltum cement—also the road macadamized first, then covered with the cement. It's like driving over smoothly planed floor. We saw the imperial palace—& a very fine house—hotel they would call it, private—the property of a wealthy merchant, commanding a fine view of the bay. The public gardens are splendid, including a race course. The view of the bay from the drive is charming. We returned through two

avenues of 2 or 3 miles length bordered on either side with 4 rows of trees, with walks in the center. Saw the principal stores, not unlike ours in Broadway. The city reminded me somewhat of N. Y., the streets and buildings. The buildings are more uniform in size and color, universal cream color with brown copings. They would be beautiful but the eye wearies of the one color only. Upon the whole, I am quite charmed. The harbor is naturally well defended. Though affording accommodation for 25 hundred vessels, but *one* can pass in at a time, the passage between the rocks is so narrow. So peculiar is this rocky formation that the masses rising out of the sea look like large old castles, battlements, towers, &c. I can imagine them castles of the olden time encrusted with an accumulation of stony covering deposited year after year in such minute particles that forming a thick coating has left the outlines perfect. We enjoyed our beds, sleeping soundly till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 this morning.

I can scarcely realize I am so far from home. Two weeks since we left, and here we are more than 3000 m. from home.

May 19—Sunday. Embarked on steamer for Naples. Beautiful day, warm and sunny, the first warm weather we have had since we left home. I have not laid aside any of my extra clothing yet, having on

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all—all and more than I have worn through the Winter. The sun is quite warm but there is a cool breeze. Left Marseilles at 9 A. M., fell in company in the omnibus with 2 gentlemen from N. Y. and N. Bedford. They have been traveling all over Europe for 10 months. We find them very pleasant. There is also a large party of Bostonians on board, seem like pleasant people. About 11 or thereabouts, the bell rang for breakfast. We had breakfasted, but enjoyed the fruit &c very much. Bill of fare for breakfast, served in courses: 1. Cold ham—olives—radishes. 2. Omelets. 3. Stewed birds. 4. Beefsteaks & fried potatoes. There were doubtless more courses but having partaken of the fruit which was delicious, went upon deck. Fruits: strawberries, cherries, oranges, dates, followed by coffee.

Having passed through the rock-defended passage to the harbour, we are steaming along about as far from the rock-bound coast as the center of the Hudson from the Palisades, which it reminds me of, somewhat. At first the rocks were bare of any vegetation and not continuous—detached portions rising out of the water all round us, but further on it presents an unbroken line with deep bays where flourishing towns and villages appear. Toulon, for instance, we got a peep at. Those old sea and weather beaten rocks are curious and wonderful, presenting at times rounded towers, old castles,

square walls, minarets, fortifications, etc., the work of time and the elements. In a misty atmosphere, as we are seeing them now, you can hardly divest yourself of the idea that they are the work of man. They are unlike the Palisades inasmuch as they are not as high, not over 4 hundred feet, though some are much higher, and they rise one above the other as far as you can see. W. left the table at breakfast and is now lying prostrate on deck covered up in shawls. E. will soon, I am afraid, follow suit. I never felt better in my life. I believe I am a good sailor.

It is now 2 P. M. We have passed three or four islands, of not much consequence, a few fortifications on them. The coast of France and Piedmont presents nearly the same appearance—not quite so barren. Dinner bell rang at $\frac{1}{2}$ —5, served in courses as usual.

1. Soup. 2. Corned beef & cabbage.
3. Fricandeau of veal.
4. Fish. 5. Green peas cooked with onions.
6. Roast spring chicken, with salad.
7. Cheese. 8. Strawberries, cherries, figs, dates, oranges, raisins, cakes.
9. Coffee.

E. and the Captain have quite a conversation in

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French. It has been a delightful day, not much like Sunday. I saw some of the 2nd class passengers amusing themselves with sewing. This is our third Sunday on shipboard. Wal rallied and remained at dinner through all the courses. There is quite a merry party of 4 gentlemen and 3 ladies from Boston, going our route exactly as far as Rome. They stopped at Lyons & purchased velvet at \$4. per yd. and good silk at 12 francs per yd. We shall probably pass the pleasantest part of our sail tonight while in bed.

May 20th—Monday. Rose at 4 A. M. and went on deck to get a view of Genoa from the sea. Arrived at 8 A. M. We are 12, making a party to go on shore—6 Bostonians, 1 Canadian, 1 Irish Priest, 3 of our party and 1 lady from Quincy, Mrs. Cady, a relative of Mr. Flagg's.²

Breakfasted at Hotel d'Italie, an excellent and well served meal. We saw the town in its gala dress, entertaining a deputation from Venice, who came to express their thanks to the Genoese for their kind interest in their behalf. After breakfast we took carriage to see the place, first went to Church L'Annunciata, built and decorated by the Lomellini family, formerly sovereigns of the Island of Tabarea off N. coast of Africa. Many of the paint-

²Mr. Ethan Flagg, of Yonkers, who married Julia Baldwin.

ings are beautiful to look at—the shrines elegant, one piece of marble in its natural state looked like a rich mosaic; Chapel of St. John the Baptist, looking very much like a city, &c. Exterior very plain.

We next visited the Cathedral, built in the 11th Century, restored about 1300. The front belongs to that date—some of the columns of the portal were taken from Almeria. The high altar is decorated with a statue of Virgin & Child in bronze by G. P. Bianchi, a work of the 17th century—splendid work. At the entrance porch, we were shown where the Doges were crowned—the alternate white & black columns give a singular effect, also exterior was very singular, with its black and white.

Next, to San Ambrogio, built at the expense of the Pallavicini family. It is very rich and imposing, full of statuary & fine paintings. Twice a year they pay for music, which is the finest that can be procured. It is the tomb of the family. Many of the altars are rich in silver offerings to the saints, with festoons of silver heart-shaped ornaments hanging from top to bottom. The whole building is perfectly splendid from floor to ceiling, filled with statuary and paintings.

Palazzo Rosso, or Brignole Sale—called Rosso from the exterior being painted red. It contains the most extensive collection of pictures in Genoa. As we entered we were handed a catalogue, which

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would have been very nice if we had had more time. The floors were beautiful in mosaic & no two alike. The furniture all covered with red covers—the ball-room was superb, chandeliers hung with large plates of cut glass, new to me.

Palazzo Durezzo, or Delle Stelle (of the stars) one of the finest of the palaces erected in 17th Century. The court is surrounded by Doric Colonade of white marble. Some of the rooms looked quite cozy and homelike with their screens and sofas, tables, &c.

Palazzo Doria. The gardens extend to the sea & are ornamented with fountains, statues &c., the centre one being a statue of Andrea Doria as Neptune. This palace was given to Andrea Doria in 1522 and rebuilt by him. The decorations are beautiful, particularly the ceiling of a hall in good preservation. Portraits of the Doria family are also quite perfect. Were shown the bedroom and bed, that on which the great Andrea died, also his chair & sedan chair.

We then drove round the city and visited the stores, purchased some of the ornaments—Genoa's specialty—& returned to the steamer, having spent a delightful day. We dined at the hotel very satisfactorily. The steamer is anything but comfortable tonight, rooling and pitching fearfully. I feel sicker than I have since the first day at sea.

JANE BALDWIN SMITH

May 21st—Tuesday. Arrived at Leghorn at 7 A. M. Our whole party went on shore, breakfasted at the Hotel Victoria & Washington. Not quite as nice as at Genoa but cleanly and comfortable, after which took carriage and drove around the city, saw some of the principal streets and the Jews' Quarters. The commerce is principally carried on by them, in number 1200. Saw the English church and cemetery, made a few purchases and took car for Pisa—one large accommodated us—& we had a right merry time. Father Quinn, a Catholic Priest & passenger so far, leaves us here. We have enjoyed his society very much.

Arriving at P. at noon, being 20 minutes on the way, took carriage & rode to Cathedral, Tower, Baptistry, &c. We saw them too hurriedly to be satisfactory. E. and W. went to top of Tower.

The Campo Santo is very curious and interesting, portions of the old chain which protected the harbor, &c. The Cathedral is bewildering of itself, but rendered more so by the volubility of the guide who accompanied us. A word of his lingo I could not understand, and E. having Murray (guide book) I only admired everything without discrimination, two beautiful columns from Hadrian's Palace at Rome, particularly. Noticed also elegant brown cross on which hung our Saviour, life-size, the altar under, being of Lapis Lazuli, valued 28,000 dol-

DIARY OF

lars, perfectly elegant; also another altar of silver, value \$50,000.

Our guide being acquainted with the head servant of the Palace of Lardarel, used his influence & gained us admission, the family being at their countryseat. It was grand beyond description, full of paintings, statuary, and the coziest little boudoirs. One room struck me as beautiful, wall hung with mazarine blue, carpet—blue ground, wreaths of gold colored leaves forming diamonds of a foot square. Ballroom superb, furniture covering of white brocade with a delicate vine of leaves and flowers over it. It really looks quite homelike. There is also quite a museum of antiquities, shells &c. Of the latter, my own collection is quite as good.

Dined on board steamer & slept soundly, notwithstanding the fleas, which trouble everyone very much.

May 22. Arrived at Civita Vecchia at 7 A. M. Gentlemen went on shore to breakfast and see the town. After the ceremony of sending passports in advance, returned with sad reports of uncleanness, discomfort, &c, &c. Meanwhile, we had breakfast, or *attempted* to, on all sorts of Italian dishes, for instance Omelet of eggs & tomato—horrid. I am almost homesick. I nearly starved. Left Civita Vecchia about noon. I was obliged to lie down, being

sicker than at any time on the Atlantic. Our gentlemen got in quite a political argument—had some high words. Have decided to drop them tomorrow.

May 23—Thursday. Arrived at Naples at 6 A. M., dressed and prepared to go on shore. Passed customs house nicely. Got a carriage & drove to Grand Britannia Hotel. Have nice rooms on 3d story. A nice breakfast and dinner, table d'hôte.

1. Soup. 2. Fish—sardines & anchovies.
3. Beef—mashed potatoes & fried vegetable (unknown) but nice boiled greens.
4. Sausage & green beans. 5. Green peas.
Chicken, birds, & salad.
6. Compote of pears, grapes and plums.
7. Sponge cake & chocolate. 8. Strawberries.
9. Cakes—green almonds. 10. Oranges, cherries, & Chinese fruit.

After breakfast took a carriage and visited the museum—then went shopping for coral.

After dinner drove out on the Corso Victor Emanuel—a delightful drive nearly round the city. Saw the sunset from the hills. The scene was truly beautiful. I am almost tired out. We drove for two hours. I was somewhat afraid to be out so late.

DIARY OF

10 o'clock P. M.—writing to Alex and longing to jump in bed.

May 24—Friday. Took a carriage with three horses at an expense of about \$6. and visited Herculaneum and Pompeii. Had an excellent guide who spoke English, a right funny fellow. It must have been a luxurious old place. Many of the frescoes are very beautiful, not unlike our present style of panelled walls & medalion paintings. The kitchens are very small but evidently convenient, bedrooms small, many of them without windows. Went in the wine cellar of Diomedes and saw on the wall the impression of one of the skeletons found there. 17 skeletons were found there and many treasures. Saw four skeletons, one of Mrs. Diomedes with a ring on her finger.

The ride from Naples to Pompeii is a very disagreeable one. We were covered with dust, looking like so many millers. But from P. to Sorrento it is charming. The new road cut around the edge of the mountain with the sea on one side and the mountains on the other, covered with olive trees to the top, the deep ravines & splendid arched bridge are objects of wonder and admiration. Noticed the beautiful color of the water, looking like a pulverized rainbow.

Arrived at Sorrento about 6 P. M. The town is

very peculiar, built on high bluffs and deep ravines. One of the streets we passed through with high buildings on either side, barely admitted our three horses abreast to pass through. We stopped at Hotel Tasso, dined nicely on the usual Italian courses. We have a parlour and two bedrooms opening out of each other, the Mediterranean just below us, Vesuvius on our right, Capri on our left & Naples in front, a scene of unusual beauty. Our host brought us the book to insert our names and amuse ourselves with, filled with odd scraps of poetry and nonsense. Found the names of many we knew. Walked in the garden and saw almonds growing, passed through lots of orange groves on our way, every inch of soil is cultivated; flowers beautiful, especially carnations. *Fleas* the only drawback. Retired tired. This house reminds one of an old castle with its thick walls, tiled floors, and almost subterranean passages leading down to the beach.

May 25. Beautiful morning. Rose early while E. is amusing herself with a skirmish with the enemy. She is fearfully bitten. Breakfasted, purchased a few ribbons, native production, and started for Naples. Enjoyed our ride very much. Reached N. about 1 P. M., took lunch and went shopping for coral. Got my pins for which I paid \$13. also bracelet \$10. Went to bed early.

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May 26—Sunday. Visited Cathedral, drove out to St. Elmo & convent of Capuchin Monks, formerly the richest monastery in Italy. Walked through its cloisters, drank from its well. In the midst, saw wine vaults around it, showing the tastes of its owners. Cemetery for the Monks enclosed with a beautiful marble railing surmounted with skulls in marble. It has been vacated within five months by all excepting one of the order who has been confined to his room 20 years.

Went through the fine old church of St. Martino, attached to it—one of the richest in paintings, sculpture & mosaics, real Florentines, splendid marbles and precious stones. Amongst the reliques were three hairs of the Virgin Mary and bones of the apostles. One of the halls was richly mosaiced in woods, the work of one of the Monks—a work of 32 years. This has been a lovely day, not uncomfortably warm. If it were not for fleas which have nearly devoured us we should enjoy being here very much.

The driving this afternoon was very spirited, hundreds and hundreds of turnouts, from the well-groomed, well-fed span to the patient little donkey with his over burden of 6 or 7—trudging along. I trust there is a heaven somewhere for those poor abused animals.

Wal has gone to the opera—Sunday evening, too; retired early. Almost eaten up with fleas.



ALEXANDER SMITH

JANE BALDWIN SMITH

May 27th, 1867. Beautiful day. Took a carriage and drove to coral store to exchange E's necklace, then to museum where we spent the greater part of the day. Saw the stocks and skeleton of two prisoners found in the prison which we visited at P., also the key of Diomedes' house found in the hand of a skeleton & a great many interesting things. Left at 2 P. M., took an ice and some cake at the Grand Café; went shopping for coral; dined; saw the turnouts &c. Expect to go to Rome tomorrow.

May 28th. Left Naples quarter after 9, for Rome. At Depot met Mrs. Cady who is going on with Mr. Palmer & two daughters. Took a carriage with them, found them very pleasant. The oldest daughter has been abroad a year. Our ride was made so pleasant by her explanations, having been over the road before. Very warm. Found them somewhat particular about baggage, passports, &c, as we entered the Papal States. Singular old towns and ruins on every side. Took rooms at Hotel Europe, nice rooms & a common parlour. Find our party a very pleasant one. The weather is quite warm.

May 29th. Beautiful day. Wal found two letters at bankers' forwarded from Rome. Never were letters more welcome. I cried, I could not help it, so great was my desire to see Alex. He is the very perfection of goodness. Never was woman blessed with better husband.

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We breakfasted very satisfactorily and took carriage and drove to St. Peter's. I hardly know what my impressions are, but on the whole think I am disappointed, a feeling not unusual, I am told. I will not pass judgment now but shall try to see it often. The sculpture is some of it magnificent but you miss the rich stained glass windows which are so beautiful in the cathedrals we have visited. Went from the church to Vatican; visited the sculpture galleries. Some are exquisitely beautiful. The Palmers are very agreeable & intelligent. Mr. P. is a native of Rhode Island. Went to B. at 15 years of age and remained there ever since. He has been and is still special partner in the jewelry business together with his sons. After dinner drove out to the Coliseum, a fine old ruin, which I enjoyed very much. Went to the top & got a fine view of Rome. Had tea sent up to our parlour which we have in common with the Palmers—funny time.

May 30th—Ascension Day. Rose at half past six, breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ 7, took carriage & drove to St. John Lateran, the oldest church in R. called Mother Church, in which high mass was celebrated in presence of the Pope. The spectacle was a fine one. I was admitted to an elevated seat—by taking off my bonnet and throwing my veil over my head, having on a black silk dress; had a fine view of all

the ceremonies. It was a grand sight, as much of a military as a religious ceremony. The Pope was borne in state on the shoulders of 12 bearers through the church, lined on both sides with military noble guards & Swiss guards, the latter in a sort of harlequin dress, said to have been designed by Michael Angelo. In the Church above the high altar were exposed the heads of Peter and Paul. The sight was very imposing, at the elevation of the host, when every knee was bowed. Pius IX has a fine face but not an intellectual one. He looks as if he might be very good natured and perhaps jovial. I liked his appearance. He has a fine rich voice, full and musical. After mass he blessed the people from the balcony, a ceremony performed four times a year. The State carriages were very fine and showy. Visited the holy staircase & saw some 20 or 30 devoted penitents ascending on their knees and kissing the steps as they went. This is the staircase up which Martin Luther partly ascended. Drove to St. Clements. It being a holiday could not be admitted. From shrine to Mamartine Prison. Saw the indentation in the wall, said to be the impression of St. Peter's head when his jailor struck him against the wall in his descent. This prison had no outlet excepting through a hole in the floor, through which prisoners were lowered. No doubt St. Paul was imprisoned there, but whether he wrote his Epistles there is

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quite another thing. The fountain which sprang miraculously through the rock is shown. We tasted the water & found it good.

Next went to the Church of St. Maggiore, where is a magnificent crypt built by present Pope for his own tomb. It is magnificent, the railing of grey polished marble, floors of Florentine mosaic. A great variety of marbles, highly polished, are used in its construction. A large marble statue is to be executed at his decease, in a kneeling posture, from a photograph now taken for the purpose. It is thought he will be the last Pope. Antonelli, next in power, not at all popular with the people. His brother, a brigand, has just been sentenced to imprisonment for life. Antonelli makes all the laws governing the people, imposes taxes, &c. He is so unpopular that he is seldom present at the festivals. The Pope, I am told, has a yearly salary of \$2 million & Cardinals \$25 thousand in addition to their ecclesiastical perquisites. There were from 4 to 6 thousand soldiers present today.

After dinner drove to Pincian Hill, a delightful drive. In the evening Mr. Wortman called on E. Found him very pleasant.

May 31st, 1867—Friday. Drove in company with the Palmers and Mrs. Cady to the Palace and gardens on Quirinal Hill, the residence of the Pope

during Lent & a resort in the hottest weather. In the gardens were walks shaded by fine old *boxwood*, cut into square walks—very beautiful. The flowers were very common and the place altogether showed neglect, so different from what we see at home. The Palace is fine. Were shown the rooms for the Swiss Guard & Noble Guard, finely floored with marble; the room in which the Pope receives foreign embassies, in which are two or three fine Gobelin tapestries, present of Napoleon I, &c; the bed chamber where Pius VII died; the throne room is magnificent, also private chapel containing one of Guido's finest works, the Annunciation. The Palace is called Palazzo Pontifico, on Monte Cavallo.

We then went to the Vatican. I was too tired to appreciate anything. The Torso Belvedere from which Michael Angelo drew his inspiration, or rather made it his study, and felt indebted to it for his power in representing the human form. I confess I cannot get up any enthusiasm over those naked representations of the human form, although it is fashionable. None but an anatomist could appreciate them. The Laocöon, on the contrary, excites great interest, painful, it is true, but fascinating. Apollo Belvedere is also very fine in its proportions. We were introduced to Mr. & Mrs. MacKenzie by the Palmers, very pleasant people. After we came home I went shopping with W. & Miss E. Palmer, came

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home quite tired out, was taken quite sick at tea table with such severe stitches in left side I could not resist a scream with each breath. A vigorous application of Mustard gave relief and I slept some during the night.

June 1st—Saturday. Delightful weather. Felt too unwell to go out in the morning. E. remained with me. After dinner rode out to St. Paul's Basilica, a mile beyond the gates. Saw for the first time the old walls of the city, and tomb of Caius Cestus, pyramid in form. E. & W. went to Borghesi Villa at 2 P. M. with the Palmers. Too ill to enjoy the ride much. First time I have been ill since I left home. St. Paul's is one of the finest churches I have seen. Total length not including the tribune 396 feet, of naves 306 ft. width of nave & side aisles 222 ft., width of transepts 250, length of transept exclusive of tribune 90 ft. 80 columns of granite between the nave and aisles of Corinthian order, capitols of white marble. The floor is exquisitely beautiful, of polished marble, black, grey and white in squares, circles, &c. In returning, drove through the Corso, a fine street. Enjoyed our tea in our own parlour very much. Quite like home.

June 2—Sunday Morning. I do not feel at all well. I coughed a great deal last night. I feel chilly

and somewhat rheumatic. Thought it advisable to stay at home today. E. & W. together with the rest of our party went out to the English service outside the gates. The Romans call this very warm weather but it is not at all uncomfortable to me. After dinner Mrs. Cady and myself took a carriage and drove on Pincian Hill but not finding anyone there but common people, left and went to St. Peter's to vespers; singing very fine but the church too cold for us. Stayed but a short time then we drove to the Forum and Coliseum. I do not feel at all well.

June 3d—Monday. I was very ill last night and sent for Dr. Gould about 3 o'clock A. M. I was afraid of croup. Remained in bed till afternoon when I rose and dressed to see the Palmers off. We are very sorry to have them go. Mrs. Cady went also & we are quite lonely. No more nice tea drinking. Dr. Gould called twice to see me.

June 4th—Tuesday. Dr. Gould called & has given me permission to go out for a drive. I am feeling very weak and generally uncomfortable. Went out on Appian Way. It is a fine old road lined on either side with ruins of old tombs. Stopped at the tomb of the Scipios but the custodian not being there did not gain admission. Went in two of the Columbaria, where were deposited the ashes of the

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dead. Could not get into Cecilia Metella's tomb in consequence of the absence of custodian. The children went into the catacomb of San Sebastian. I remained outside, afraid to venture. Visited baths of Caracalla. Returned to dinner, after which drove on Pincian Hill. Feel very weak.

June 5th—Wednesday. Made the acquaintance of Mr. & Mrs. Flack of Claverack. Joined parties and visited St. Peter's & Vatican. I went with W's aid to the Dome and into the Dome as far as the first windows. I realize now how grand St. P. is in all its proportions. There are great preparations making for the illuminations on the 29th. I am sorry to see it under such circumstances. It needs no aid of tinsel or gew-gaw. Saw Raphael's Stanze, &c. They impress me more than any paintings I have seen. The library is well worth seeing, though the books are all hidden. We saw some beautiful vases and presents from dignitaries to Popes; a beautiful piece of malachite in its natural state, also a large vase of it, also a large vase of alabaster made from a block sent by the Sultan of Egypt. Beautiful. We left very tired, dined and took a carriage; did some shopping & rode to the Borghese grounds where we had the pleasure of seeing the Pope take his airing and walk, his State carriage following him. He was attended by quite a retinue of Cardinals, N. Guards,

&c. We have held quite a levee tonight in our little parlour. Mr. and Mrs. Flack, Rev. Mr. Wortman & Dr. Gould calling at the same time. Quite pleasant. Like Mr. W. very much.

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June 6—Thursday. Pleasant day—very warm. Visited the Palace of the Cæsars—fine old ruins, Capitol, Tarpeian Rock & studios; after dinner to Church of St. Clement & rode out to a nursery & garden where was a silk-worm plant, &c. At the Capitol saw some fine pictures and statuary—Dying Gladiator met my expectations. It is a wonderful production, also the Venus of the Capitol, the finest I have seen. Saw the bronze bull in which Nero is said to have roasted his enemies. Saw but a small portion of the Tarpeian rock. It is surrounded and built upon by the meanest and dirtiest buildings in Rome making it difficult to associate it with the Tarpeian of history. Beggars swarm there.

Visited Benzoni's studio. Saw one of the finest pieces of modern sculpture executed for Mrs. Stephens of N. Y. at an expense of \$8500., subject Fleeing from Pompeii, one of the most beautiful things I have seen. Would like to take home a piece of marble but can find nothing under 4 or 5 hundred. After dinner went to St. Clement's, the oldest church in R. It is truly wonderful, three churches one over the other. The lower one contains sar-

cophagus, but whether of Pagans or Christians is doubtful; the second church was a Christian Basilica. Some of the frescoes are quite bright. The columns are many of them exquisitely beautiful, both in execution and marble. There is also to be seen a section of the old Roman wall built of large blocks of travertine. I was very much interested in it and had a guide for the first.

June 7th—Friday. Visited the Church of St. Agnes, built on the spot where she was publicly exposed after her torture. Built in form of a Greek cross, it was rebuilt in 1642 by the Princes of the Pamphilæ family. It is rich in marbles, having 8 fine columns of red Coterella marble, the three altars forming the arms of cross are decorated by large statues and alto reliefs, one of them representing the martyrdom of St. Agnes. It is the burial place of the Doria Pamphilæ family; it has been recently restored, by the late Princess Mary Talbot Doria who died in 1857, an English woman. We saw in the grounds of the Villa Pamphilæ Doria, *MARY* planted in evergreens by herself. The pictures of St. Agnes' martyrdom we see in all the galleries. Her face and figure are beautiful. One represents her standing in the fagots, which a man is trying to light. Another represents her being stoned. In both instances miraculously preserved, she

was finally beheaded, so says our guide. Visited Doria Palace. Contains a fine bust of Mary Talbot draped in black, also one of her sister. Many elegant paintings. One fine hall, called Hall of Mirrors.

Count Doria, son of the present Prince, came over in the steamer with us. He expressed a desire for an appointment in the army, which when granted did not suit, & he ran away to America very much to the disgust of the Italians. He is now in Paris, an only son having two sisters.

Colonna Palace belongs to the C. family. The state apartments are now the residence of the Ambassador of France.

Farnese Palace property of royal family at N., former owners of other beautiful things we saw at N. Museum. It was built entirely of the spoils of the Coliseum & theatre of Marcellus. The palace is seen to great advantage from the court in which are two fountains the granite basins of which are from baths of Caracalla, 17 ft. long & 4 deep. In the lower portico of court is the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella.

Capuchin Church and cemetery in Piazza Barberini—built by Cardinal Francese Barberini, founder of the Order of Capuchin Monks. The adjoining Convent is the headquarters of the Capuchin Friars so widely distributed over the Roman Catho-

lic world. The celebrated picture of the Archangel Michael by Guido is there; Conversion of St. Paul by Pietro de Cortona. Under the church are four low vaulted chambers, the cemetery of the Friars. The earth was brought from Jerusalem. The walls are decorated with bones and skulls fantastically arranged, also forming alcoves in which lie the bodies of some of the Friars in the dress of the Order, ghastly skeletons they are. On some are still the beard and hair. Some are standing with crosses and rosaries clasped in their skeleton hands. Also three skeletons of children of the Barberini family decorate the ceiling of the first room. There are chandeliers, altars, in fact everything is made of human bones. When one dies, the oldest occupant of a grave rises to give him his place in the holy earth and he in turn displaces the occupant of an alcove to take his place dressed in the dress he last wore, whilst the former's bones are either burned or used for decoration. In this church, preserved in a glass coffin, is the body of a saint lately canonized, dead a hundred years. His body lay four years in the precious mould and when called on to yield his place was found in a perfect state of preservation which has remained till present time—a miracle. It looked to me very much like *waxwork*.

In the afternoon drove to Villa Pamphilia Doria. Last night a murder and robbery was committed

here by Brigands. The grounds are lovely, but uninhabitable from malaria.

June 8th, 1867—Saturday. Visited Palace Ros-pigliosi, where we saw Guido fresco of the Aurora. Beautiful. Ruins of Golden House of Nero, from where was taken the statue of Laocöon in Vatican. The ceilings are very high and finely frescoed, of which some remain quite perfect. The remains of marbles are also very rich. Also Baths of Titus.

Visited Barberini Palace noted for its size and richness; a splendid spiral staircase; the largest hall and portrait of Beatrice Cenci. Whilst we were admiring the hall, the Prince & Princess passed through, preceded by a liveried servant, looking very much like ordinary people. They have been married 10 years & have no children, a source of sore trouble to them as the property goes to other heirs. She was plainly dressed in a grey and black striped goods, common looking, a short black sacque and plain bonnet. Her walk was very stately & graceful.

Visited several studios & purchased 1 landscape of Knoble at \$250. and two copies of Mazzolini, one the Madonna of Murillo for \$120., the other The Assumption by same, \$110.

I feel tired out tonight. I wish we were leaving on Tuesday of next week. W. has just called on Dr. Gould & paid my bill \$15.

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June 9—Sunday Morning. We had some showers in the night, but when I rose it was bright. Am remaining at home to rest & write. Wrote to Papa; after dinner rode out to Pincian Hill, a very gay scene—a full band of music discoursing delightful music—gaily dressed ladies in carriages & on foot. Attended vespers at Trinita dei Monti, singing G Mass. On our return found Dr. & Mrs. Gould had left cards inviting us to their house at 8½ to meet some American friends. Concluded not to accept. Dr. G. however called and took us off with him. Were introduced to Mr. & Mrs. Saxe of Albany. The MacKenzies were there also. Dr. & Mrs. Gould led the singing, which was very good. Tea & cake was handed, after which we separated having spent one of the pleasantest evenings since we left home.

June 10th—Monday. Rose early and proceeded to see after having our pictures sent. Bought a Roman lamp, small lamp, inkstand & chariot obelisk to be sent by one banker, at an expense of \$33. Also a brooch at \$5. Visited Corsini gallery. Saw the original of our picture. Returned to dinner, after which drove to the fountain of Treve and drank of its water, which insured a future return, from thence to Coliseum by moonlight, one of the grandest sights I have seen yet. Packed and retired.

June 11th, 1867—Tuesday. Left Rome this morning not without regret. The longer I remained

the more interesting were the old ruins to me. We have been very comfortably quartered at the Hotel de l'Europe but I have been feeling miserably all the time. The weather has been unusually warm for the season. The dirt and filth of the place generally is enough to destroy all appetite. The fruit is the most enjoyable thing. Shall I ever return? If so, I trust it will be cooler. Our ride today has been delightful notwithstanding the warm weather. From Orte to Narni the country is beautifully cultivated, large fields of golden-ripe grain, reapers forming quite a picturesque appearance in their white shirts, &c, using sickles, a slow work. About Narni the scenery is grand. It is an ancient Umbrian city built on a lofty hill commanding a fine view of the valley of the Nar and an immense extent of fertile country far as the Apennines. It is the birthplace of Emperor Nero. The old ruins are very grand and picturesque, particularly the arches of the old bridge of Augustus. One arch is still entire—60 ft. high built of massive blocks of limestone. The Nar, a dirty looking stream. From Narni to Terni & from Terni to Spoleto the scenery was grand—high mountains & deep gorges on every side. I never enjoyed anything more in my life. After passing through the mountains & deep gorges the scenery is highly cultivated. Large fields of grain, vineyards, orchards of olives &c. The vines are all trained on

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trees, presenting a beautiful appearance, the light leaves of the vine & darker ones of the trees. In some instances the vines are festooned from tree to tree. The further north we go, the finer the country, the greater the cultivation & the higher grade of cultivation. Everything bears the stamp of industry. The buildings, however old, seem in good repair, neatly whitewashed in some instances presenting a perfect contrast to the south of Italy where idleness, filth & beggary abound. Perugia is a fine old city—indeed all the places look nicely. From thence to Cortona the ride is beautiful, particularly in the vicinity of Lake Trasimeno. Arrived at Florence 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, tired out in mind and body having had nothing to eat since 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. excepting a piece of sour bread and cheese & a few fried potatoes at a miserable dirty little place on the road. Our accommodations at Hotel de l'Europe are not promising—three dirty little rooms at 12 francs a day. Cooking miserable. I am determined to leave. The children think me unreasonable but I feel I must have a little comfort if it is to be had in Florence.

June 12th—Wednesday. Bright sunny day and excessively warm. Called on Mrs. Saxe who is stopping here. (Not in.) Our breakfast was a little better this morning. We will stay to table d'hôte. E. is writing to Pa. Table d'hôte very good. Expense of

rooms 3 in all 12 francs. In the evening rode out to the —— & did some shopping. Bought linen chemises, worked bands for 12 francs apiece. Saw some splendid jewelry, Byzantines, diamonds, &c. Mr. Wortman spent the evening with us very pleasantly. It is quite different from Rome. Much more cleanly, bright and cheerful, really charming in every respect. After sunset the streets are thronged. Everyone, men, women and children turn out. We were surprised by seeing ice on the table for dinner, the first since we left Marseilles.

June 13th, 1867—Thursday. Breakfasted (not very satisfactorily) at half past eight, took a carriage and drove to the Church of Santa Maria Novella where are some fine frescoes by Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's teacher, and a great many other fine old and curious things. The Inferno by Andrea Orcagna who also painted the one at Pisa. From thence we went and took an ice and drove to the Uffizi Gallery. Tribune contains 4 celebrated pieces of sculpture & many paintings. The Flora (by Titian) is quite beautiful & realized my expectations. Met Mr. & Mrs. MacKenzie and party and went to see rooms at Mrs. Jennings' where they are boarding at an expense of 7 or 8 francs a day. Have concluded to go tomorrow. It is not quite so pleasant as the hotel but much cheaper. Have returned tired & hun-

gry—waiting for dinner. Called at Mrs. Jennings' & found her rooms let. She recommended us to Mrs. Iandilla. Called & took her rooms at 8 francs a day including all expenses. W. & I walked out in the evening.

14th, 1867—Friday. Rose early and made preparations for leaving the Hotel. Arrived at Mrs. Iandilla's at 9 A. M., found breakfast laid out in our parlour in neat style, coffee, broiled chicken, eggs, nice bread & butter, the most enjoyable meal I have tasted for sometime. We have a large parlour and two bedrooms opening out of it, nice & comfortable. Dined with an American family, a lady and two daughters. Dinner: Soup & fried veal, beans, chicken & truffles, roast duck, potato & cucumber; cake & tarts, oranges, plums, apricots, cherries, beer & wine & ice.

Visited Pitti Gallery. It contains some fine paintings by old masters, two fine bronze figures of Cain & Abel, after the murder of the latter; some fine Florentine mosaics, two or three elegant tables—one inlaid in shells, another fine specimen on bronze stand valued at two hundred thousand dollars—some fine vases, a collection of Gems—antiques, some of them magnificent. Crossed over into the Uffizi gal. & looked at paintings in Tribune. Have about concluded to buy a copy of Angels of a female

artist \$24. for the two. Rode out to San Miniato, an old church on the hill, from whence we obtained a lovely view of Florence. Saw the sunset from the cemetery. The church is very old and seems to be used only as a cemetery now. The whole floor was covered with monumental slabs, many of them surrounded with vases of flowers, wreaths, crosses, some covered with black crape. It was very curious. The odor was not pleasant consequently we staid but a short time. The city is beautifully situated nearly surrounded by the Apennines. As the sun set it was lovely beyond description. The ascent is quite steep. When we returned went shopping. Returned at 9 o'clock and found tea waiting for us, nice breads, butter, cold chicken, fruit, &c. We like it very much here.

June 15th—Saturday. Another warm sunny day. This weather is quite debilitating. Our fellow boarders here are a Mrs. Beede & two daughters from Georgia. Sesesh to the last degree.

Visited the Academy of Fine Arts, a collection of paintings of the early Tuscan artists, taken from convents, churches suppressed during the French rule, many of them in the Italian Byzantine style. Another hall contains a collection of the smaller paintings of the Florentine school of the 14th and 15th centuries.

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In a building annexed to the Academy are the Royal Florentine Mosaic works. Saw some splendid specimens, tables, &c. from \$800 upwards. Were not permitted to visit the manufactory for which we were very sorry. The manufacturies now used principally for the completion of the Medician Chapel at San Lorenzo.

We saw specimens of the stones used in the manufacture—ranged in a room at the entrance.

We next visited the Church of San Lorenzo. The front is still unfinished but the plans by Michael Angelo are still preserved. Two oblong pulpits of bronze said to be very fine & the circular marble & porphyry mosaic floor covering the tomb of Cosimo dei Medici, died Augst 1st, 1464. In the Sacristi Nuovo (on the right of the high altar) built by Michael Angelo are the monuments of Giuliano & Lorenzo dei Medici. Giuliano was younger brother to Leo X. The figures on his monument represent Day & Night, Day being unfinished.

Lorenzo married a member of the royal house of France, the sole fruit of this union was Catherine de' Medici, queen of Henry II. The statue of Lorenzo is seated, absorbed in thought,—a wonderfully life-like statue, his head resting on his hand. For deep and intense feeling it is one of the finest works in existence. Reclining figures represent Morning & Evening. There is also an unfinished Virgin & Child.

At the back of the choir is the Medician Chapel on which two millions and more have been expended, unfinished still. Underneath in the vaults are some 70 or 80 of the Medici family. It is a splendid tomb. The first stone was laid in 1604; its founder, Ferdinand 1st, intended it for the reception of the Holy Sepulchre, for the theft of which a fleet of galleys was despatched to Jerusalem, the failure of which being considered a great misfortune. Cosimo II converted the building into the cemetery of the grand ducal family. The walls are entirely covered with precious marbles, *pietre dure*, jasper, chalcedony, agate, lapis lazuli, malachite. Sarcophagus of Egyptian granite, very beautiful; large cushions studded with precious stones on which rests the ducal coronet, making altogether the richest and most beautiful chapel we have seen. It contains also two large bronze statues, exquisite in workmanship.

Laurentian Library, called the *Mediceo Laurentian Library*, begun by Cosimo. It contains upwards of 9000 manuscripts. Next in importance to the library of Vatican. Some of the Mss. as early as the 6th century. Some beautiful illuminated pages, &c. After dinner walked into the city, purchased a Florentine brooch for \$6., a parasol for 14 francs. Pretty well tired out.

The Reeds left for Pisa to see the illuminations by moonlight.

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June 16th—Sunday. Went to Cathedral. Fine style. Dome does not seem as large as St. Peter's. Windows very beautiful in stained glass. Very imposing but quite different from St. Peters. Very little of sculpture or paintings. Went into Baptistry. Were just in time to see the baptism of an infant, apparently two days old. A fine old building, circular in form.

Then rode to Bellesguardo, a hill from whence we got a fine view of Florence, encircled as it is by the Apennines. The valley of the Arno is lovely. 3½. Have dined & shall ride out soon. Our driver amused us very much in his demonstrations of affection for his bambino as he called his horse, kissing him and patting him all the way up the hill. The Italians seem very kind to their beasts, excepting the donkeys of Naples. We dined quite alone today, not even having Mrs. Iandilla's son at table. Everything goes on so quietly here as if it were no trouble to keep house. Rode out to the Cacina & heard the music. Not as fine as at Rome last Sunday, neither was there as much fashion. A few very nice turn-outs. We were glad to get back again as it was quite cold.

June 17th, 1867—Monday. Took a valet de place for the first time in Florence. Unfortunately for me he could not speak a word of English. It is

a great misfortune not to have some one who can explain things to me as my happiness is so dependent upon it. We first visited the Church of Santa Croce. The exterior is much more beautiful than any other we have seen. It is of polished marble, black, white & coloured, with some fine bas reliefs over the doors. It is called the Westminster of Florence—contains the tomb of Michael Angelo whose monument is extremely beautiful. There is next to it a beautiful bust & monument to Dante, also Galileo. An exquisite piece of sculpture on the tomb of a young French girl. A nice chapel containing the tombs of members of the Bonaparte family, one of

[There is a break in the MSS.]

Florence, June 17th, 1867.

Monday. We have visited four churches and the Egyptian Museum today. The Museum did not strike me as being superior or even equal to Abbot's collection in N. Y. The Scythian Chariot found in the tomb of a warrior of the time of Rameses II, 1650 years before Christ, was curious. Raphael's Last Supper, a fresco in the refectory of San Onofria, well preserved.

Church of Santa Croce, one of the most beautiful churches in Florence, rich in monumental sculpture, contains the tomb of Michael Angelo, Galileo, a monument to Dante, monument of the Countess

Zamoyska, one of Bartolini's best works. One chapel contains the tomb of members of the Bonaparte family. In one of the chapels hung a crutch in token of a miraculous cure effected there. This church is called the West Minster of Florence. I think M. Angelo's tomb one of the finest I have seen.

The old church and convent of St. Mark's was interesting on account of its association with Savanarola, a member of this order of friars. Saw his room and a number of frescoes attributed to him. The convent is being fitted up for a museum. In two of the refectories were pictures of the Last Supper. In the church was a mosaic of the Virgin, brought from the old basilica of St. Peter's and a shrine in which was our Saviour, life-size, hung with watches, chains, jewels, rings &c, one elegant diamond cross and gew-gaws of all kinds. I confess I am perfectly disgusted with this sort of thing and feel quite cross today. Am getting tired of old churches and long for something beautiful in the way of scenery.

San Annunciata is a showy and exceedingly rich church. The chapel on the left on entering is rich in silver offerings, candelabra, massive lamps & altar of silver built at the expense of one of the Medici family. A so-called *miraculous* fresco of the annunciation, painted by angels, is the cause of so much wealth being expended on this chapel. On a crown for the Virgin in this picture has been ex-

pended £8000 sterling. The high altar is also very beautiful & rich in silver, bronze & statuary.

Church of the Carmine, formerly one of the richest, injured by fire. The Brancacci Chapel, which escaped the fire, contains the celebrated frescoes of Masolino da Panicale, Masacio & Filipino Lippi, representing events in the life of Peter. They are remarkably well preserved and to one versed in the fine arts must be exceedingly interesting.

Poor E. is quite disappointed with W. & myself for our want of appreciation. I confess I am tired of churches. I enjoy the beautiful in architecture & painting, but cannot go into raptures over the faded frescoes simply because they are painted by eminent artists. I admire the Cathedral, its massive proportions &c. The exterior is very singular, built of white and black marble; the gates of the baptistry bronze and elegantly executed, each compartment a study in itself representing events in the life of our Saviour & another the leading events of the Old Testament. I think I like bronzes and statuary better than paintings.

After dinner we drove out to Fiesole stopping at the English cemetery, where is a beautiful monument to the memory of Elizabeth Browning. (We have a servant who was with them ten years, as valet de place, today). It is a charming spot, commanding fine views. Our drive was delightful, the

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air cool & dust laid by a slight shower. I never beheld a more beautiful sight. Florence looked lovely with its dome, towers, etc. I shall never forget, I think, the peculiar beauty of the scene. I daresay it would have been much more interesting could we have had the objects of most interest pointed out to us, but our guide did not understand English, so there was nothing to do but *look & enjoy*.

Straw-braiding is a specialty of the poor women, and we were beset with them. It was a comical scene & amused us exceedingly. We purchased a few specimens, two pieces of braid & 2 birds for about 50 cents.

Mr. & Mrs. MacKenzie called on us this evening. Visited Victor Emanuel's rooms at Pitti Palace.

June 18th, 1867—Tuesday. Today Eva is not well and we are not sight seeing. W. and I went out and bought a valise for 12 francs, our trunks and bags are so full. I forgot to speak of my visit to the King's rooms in the Pitti Palace—ballroom, dining room, reception rooms, throne room, &c; also the Princess's (a cousin of the King) rooms were shown. Her bed chamber was furnished and the halls hung with gold colored satin. We saw the dinner & dessert service of gold and silver gilt. A shrine of precious stones, coral figures representing the

passion of our Saviour, table ornaments, candle, aslomo, &c. If E. is well we shall leave tomorrow. I am sorry to go. We have been so comfortable here. W. sent his *Gladiator* off today.

I have not seen a quarrel or seen an intoxicated person since I have been here. They seem a noisy but a happy people & very musical, particularly at night. I feel somewhat disappointed at not getting letters more frequently.

June 19th. Eva is better and we leave Mrs. Iandella's at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 this morning. Weather still continues fine. Met the MacKenzies at the station. Florence station one of the finest in the world. Marble floor, painted glass & some fine pieces of statuary, a large hall. From Florence to Bologna we had beautiful and grand scenery—some of the deepest gorges & highest peaks we have seen as yet. How I have enjoyed it! The MacKenzies go on to Venice & we stop at Bologna for a day. Stopped at Luisa Hotel, dined *Table d'Hote* at half past 5. First course Soup. 2. Bologna sausage & butter. 3. Omelet & truffles. 4. boiled ham & spinach. 6, green peas & sausage. 7, asparagus, chicken & salad. 9, baked flour pudding & sponge cake. 10, pears & plums. 11, cheese. 12, coffee, and all not worth one nice piece of plain meat and potatoes. After dinner rode out on the boulevards around the city. Visited two

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churches, St. Petri & St. Stephens, the latter composed of 7 churches, the oldest in Bologna. It was the most singular place I have been in yet.

June 20th—Thursday. Today we took a valet de place and went systematically to work. In the first place, Bologna is unlike any other city we have visited in Italy. The buildings are extended (the second story) over the side walk, forming arcades which are used for business purposes. The buildings are from two to three stories high, the façades are very plain stucco, all of the prevailing color, light yellow. The preparations for a grand annual procession today—from the cathedral to the different churches—gave a singular appearance to the city. In all the streets through which the procession passed, the columns of the arcades were draped in gay colors, and an awning laid through the center of the street, on cords stretched from side to side and festooned with gay colors. We drove to the Villa Reale, an old monastery converted into a royal palace. The King spends a night here occasionally. Saw many fine pictures and works of art & obtained fine views of the city & environs. Visited the old university, went through the library, formerly classrooms. It was founded in 1119. In the 12th century it numbered 12,000 students from all parts of Europe. It was formerly a great law school, at

present medical studies have the superiority. In the 14th century it was celebrated for its school of anatomy & in more recent times became renowned for the discovery of galvanism within its walls. It is also remarkable for having had many learned female professors.

We stood in Cardinal Muzzofonti's room, in which he taught. He was of humble origin and commenced by being librarian, self-taught & master of 49 languages. He died in Rome but there is a fine bust of him at the Campo Santo, which we visited and were much interested in. It was originally the cloisters of a monastery. It is now a large & beautiful cemetery & when finished will be miles in extent. In 60 years there have been three hundred thousand interments there. There are some beautiful monuments, also some of the 15th Cent. Two old tombs are still standing in a square, once the cloisters of a monastery, one of the 11th, one of the 15th Cent. Very curious.

Picture gallery very interesting, one of the Martyrdom of St. Cecilia, by Raphael, very fine. Saw Cathedral and baptism of an infant there. St. Dominico, where is Guido's tomb, & many fine pictures, etc.

Lunched and left at 3½ P. M. train for Venice. Arrived at 8 P. M. One of the pleasantest railroad rides I remember through a level but highly culti-

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vated country. The most beautiful fields of grain, flax & vines trained on trees, festooned from one to the other. A beautiful sunset & novel scene, our entrance into Venice. It seemed like going out to sea on a narrow bridge, the change from cars to gondolas, of which there are more than 50. The confusion of voices & sail across Grand Canal & through the narrow ones to our hotel, *Barbasie*, where we expect to meet the MacKenzies—our comfortable supper, &c, &c. seems like a dream. I can't realize that I have been in a real gondola on the canals of Venice. It is now 10 P. M. I must write to Alex and go to bed. If he were but here!

June 21st. Last night we were not well lodged, but this morning we have sumptuous apartments looking out on the Grand Canal. Have spent the morning in the Piazza San Marco, shopping for glass beads, gondolas, &c of which we have a goodly variety. Paid a flying visit to the Cathedral; noted the lion of St. Mark & statue of St. Theodore, the protector of the republic. I find it very aggravating to shop in a place where I cannot make myself understood.

This afternoon visited the Armenian convent where Byron spent some months studying the Armenian language. Saw his room & table on which he wrote his autographs in both English and Arme-

nian. The island on which it is located is exclusively appropriated to it; the gardens look nicely cultivated. Went into the printing room, church and wherever females are allowed to go, a gentlemanly monk attending us. We are 7 in number in one gondola, the MacKenzies joining us. After leaving the convent, went over to the Lido, a long island interesting to us from its association with Lord Byron. There was the cemetery, neglected & in ruins, now overgrown with a rank growth of weeds and briars. Saw one old stone of 15th Century. Were told there were some much earlier. Walked over the road Byron used for equestrian exercise. View of Venice fine from there. Returning went into the Piazza San Marco, spent the evening amidst scenes amusing, novel & strange. Saw the moon rise from our balcony, in company with Mr. & Mrs. MacKenzie, a beautiful scene never to be forgotten. Such a quiet place! No noise but the dip of oars or song of gondolieri. How lovely the scene!

June 22nd—Saturday. Have risen early to write. The bells are ringing over the city. How I enjoy them! I feel as if I had been quite smart to write so much before breakfast.

Took a gondola, together with the MacKenzies, and visited the Doge's Palace. The library a magnificent hall $175\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long, 84 wide, 51 ft. high,

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begun 1310, formerly used as the great Council Room. Across one end is Tintoretto's Paradise, the largest picture painted on Canvas, 84 ft. wide, 34 high. Every inch of this hall is covered with paintings by first class artists, illustrations of the glory of Venice. Round this wall is the frieze of portraits of Doges, 72, a black veil covering the place which should have been occupied by that of Marino Falieri. We descended into the cells under the palace and into that of Marino Falieri, dark and dismal. Saw also the prisons under the leads, at the top, subject to the extremes of heat and cold. Stood on the Bridge of Sighs & in the Council of Ten's room in the antechamber of which was the celebrated *Lion's Mouth* into which was thrown the secret denunciations. A small room opening out of the Council of Ten room—was another used by a Council of Three, dressed in black; a circular staircase communicating with the prisons above opens into this room & another, with the dungeons below, where political prisoners were confined and executed. We saw where the guillotine was placed, also an arrangement for strangulation and the holes, three in number, where the blood flowed through into the canal.

It is an imposing building, grand in architectural design and execution.

Academy of Fine Arts—once the Convent of La

Carita. A beautiful picture of Titian's Assumption of the Virgin; also first and last work of Titian—the first, Visitation of Elizabeth—last Deposition painted when 98 years old. Many of the paintings are very old, some 500 years. It is interesting to note how little change has taken place in Venice since the period at which these were painted. Dined, table d'hôte, not very satisfactorily. We all sailed down the great Canal & spent the rest of evening in Piazza San Marco—where we get the nicest ices.

June 23d—Sunday. Beautiful day. Attended English service. About 45 persons present. Service miserably read but sermon fine. It is the first time I have attended a religious service since I left home. *Communed.*

We have miserable table fare. I am quite disgusted with it. Took a gondola and remained out till 8 o'clock, when we had supper at the Piazza San Marco. It was brilliantly lighted and crowded with a gay assemblage, the high and low, eating ices and listening to the music which was very fine. The peddlers of bead work were out in numbers & were persistent as ever. They peddle fruits strung on slim sticks, candied. Some of them are very nice.

June 24th—Monday. Expected to be very busy today and leave tomorrow. Breakfast miserable. Meats I cannot eat and eggs are so stale as not to be

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eatable. I shall not dine with them today. Yesterday the fish and some of the meats were so bad I could not eat them. The MacKenzies and ourselves went to the top of the bell tower and were amply repaid by the view. Then into St. Mark's, rich in marbles & ancient mosaics. The floor has been magnificent. Commenced raining—the second rain since we have been in Italy. Purchased photographs and an instrument to exhibit them for a present for Alex, \$45. paying for everything but transportation. Cleared off beautifully, so we took a gondola and went to the arsenal. It being St. Bartholomew's Day could not get admittance. Am sorry. Should like W. to see it. Then went to the Rialto and into the fruit market. Visited churches, Santa Maria Gloriosa dei' Frari, built in 1250, belonged once to the Franciscans. Contains the colossal monument of Titian, completed at the expense of the Emperor of Austria; also that of Canova. The monument of the Doge Giovanni Pesaro, died in 1659. Santa Maria della Salute, built in thanksgiving for the cessation of the great pestilence in which 60,000 of the inhabitants died—octagon in shape. Saw the manufacture of glass beads and purchased some, or E. did; then visited Pesaro Palace, one of the largest and grandest. Went through all the principal rooms. Summer and winter not occupied, the present owner, the last of the family, living in Florence

with her husband, one of Garibaldi's generals. One of the rooms had a magnificent bedstead of gilt, with crimson velvet curtains. In another was yellow satin & a third had a lace spread of great value. One room furnished with articles of Chinese manufacture, another of Turkish. The carpet of antechamber to a magnificent suite of rooms looked quite familiar, being of ingrain quite like home carpets. The other carpets were Turkish. Venetian mirrors & cabinets. Saw the likeness of present owner, both the lady and husband. It is elegant both externally and internally, being on Grand Canal. Expect to leave tomorrow for Verona. Spent the evening in Piazza San Marco.

June 25th—Tuesday. Left Venice at 10½ A. M., arrived at Verona 2 P. M. An interesting old town noted for its fine fortifications, old churches, &c. The scene of Romeo & Juliet, containing the house in which they lived and her tomb. Visited Museum & an elegant garden, property of a private gentleman, in which were some ancient yews, one 130 ft. high & another 1200 years old,—filled with beautiful plants. The old Roman Theatre built in a side hill. The Amphitheatre built at the same time as the Coliseum at Rome, in excellent preservation. The Campo Santo (not to be compared with that of Bologna), the

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Venetian Palace, old Roman Gate, &c. and the different churches.

June 26th—Wednesday. Finished our sight seeing at Verona and left at 2½ P. M. for Milan, where we arrived at 6 P. M. After supper, drove around the Cathedral and through the city. Very much pleased. Everything cheerful, cleanly and bright. Purchased 7 pairs of gloves at 15 francs & a fan at 8 francs. Pretty well tired out.

Milan, 27th, Thursday. Letters from home, two for me from Alex. Have been reading and writing letters till the present, 1½ P. M. Now we are going sight seeing. Visited the Gallery of Fine Arts where are many beautiful pictures. Raphael's Marriage of the Virgin, Martyrdom of St. Catherine, a beautiful face. She is between two immense wheels. Went in the cathedral. Driven home by a shower. Dined Table d'hôte, very satisfactorily. More nice people at table than we have met at any hotel since we left Paris.

June 28th—Friday. A beautiful day but very warm. Visited the Cathedral and went to the top. One hundred feet less high than St. Peter's at Rome but much more elegant in its architecture. Its exterior is a perfect gallery of sculpture. Not many fine paintings but a tomb of San Carlo, sarcophagus &

ornaments in bas relief of silver. The body in a case of rock crystal within, the whole costing four million francs. The two massive columns of granite at the door are very grand. The view from the top is fine beyond description; the Apennines on one side & Alps on the other, their snow-capped tops looking beautiful in the sun. Some of the statues are by Canova and the designs of a part by M. Angelo. Seen in the dim twilight it seems like a fairy creation. It is so light and airy in appearance. Saw the King's Palace, consisting of 900 rooms, elegantly furnished; a suite of rooms occupied occasionally by the Duchess of Genoa, the King's sister-in-law. Her bedroom was furnished in light blue with bed furniture of white satin, two high chests of drawers, small white draped table & small glass on it. Her maid's room furnished in crimson satin. The King's bedroom furnished in yellow satin, walls lined with the same. Drab tufted furniture of velvet, embroidered in gold & colors. Walls covered with embroidered silk. Some of the rooms have walls lined with velvet bordered with gold embroidery. Chapel hung with red, form of a cross, a small room above opening upon a hall open in the front to the chapel with seats & kneeling cushions for the royal family. Ball room in yellow satin, accommodating 9 thousand guests, lighted with 4 thousand candles, floor covered when used with velvet. Library, old manu-

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script, illuminations; letter & lock of hair of Lucretia Borgia. Many fine paintings & sculpture. Convent & church of St. Mary where is the Last Supper, painted by Leonardo da Vinci.

Bought a round hat for 15 francs & 7 pairs of gloves. Lunched & left hotel 4 P. M., took cars for Cesto Galende, 2 hours ride. Took the steamer & crossed Lake Maggiore to Arona, a half hour's sail. I feel now as if I should enjoy every moment. We are stopping for the night at Hotel d'Italie. Our rooms look out on the lake, a beautiful scene, somewhat like Lake George. When we left the dock the captain came and pointed out Mount Rosa directly in front, crowned with snow, beautiful in the sunset. The surroundings are delightful. The day has been very warm, our sail too short. Tomorrow we expect to leave at 5 o'clock. Had some nice fish and toast for tea, served in good order. Was the very spirit of fun & mischief. We are quite a merry party & enjoy ourselves exceedingly.

June 29th—Saturday. Have passed an entirely sleepless night, risen at 4 to go on board steamer half past, sun just rising, cool & pleasant. Took a hasty breakfast & on board by 5½. The lake is beautiful, mountains rising high on every side, beautiful towns and villages at their base, half way up, and some of the highest peaks are crowned with

churches, castles, &c. The colossal statue of San Carlo shows conspicuously from the boat, about half hour's walk from hotel. We went from Arno to Intria, thence cross the lake to Luino, where we took a carriage & one horse for 10 francs and rode 14 miles over a macadamized road, one of the loveliest rides, high hills beautifully cultivated, on either side little villages, & isolated Swiss cottages on every side. Trase river on one side, a swift clear stream, the outlet of Lake Lugano into L. Maggiore. We arrived at Luino at 8½ A. M. & left immediately for Lugano, where we arrived at 11½, lunched at a delightful house on the lake, on lake trout, beer and nice rools; then took a little steamer at 12 n. for Poretsia. The day is fine, the color of the water a light blue-green, pure and beautiful; precipitous mountains on one side covered with verdure, on the other a high state of cultivation wherever it will admit of it, with fine villas. As we near the head of the lake, both sides are equally cultivated.

June 29th—Saturday. Left Arona 5½ A. M. on steamer. Reached Luino on E. side lake at 8½, took carriage for a ride of 14 miles to Lugano, on Lake Lugano. Left at 12½ in a little steamer and crossed lake to Porlezza. Took stage to Menaggio, where we arrived about half past two. Took row boat to Cadenabia, where we arrived about 4 P. M.

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I am quite worn out with fatigue & headache. Walked out & purchased a few little specimens of olive wood.

June 30th. Beautiful day. I slept soundly last night. The chambermaid procured me a nice down pillow & I feel quite refreshed this morning. Spent the morning in writing the stupidest letter to Alex. I won't try to describe anything again. Lunched on strawberries, bread & cheese. We are stopping at Hotel Belle Isle. Very comfortably fixed as to rooms, etc. In the afternoon rowed on the lake and entered the cave opposite. I am charmed with the lake and its surroundings. The day has been very fine & we have enjoyed Cadenabia exceedingly. Have made arrangements for leaving in the morning for the Spengen Pass, a carriage & 4 horses, with the MacKenzies, for 14 Napoleons; two days on the road.

July 1st. 1867—Monday. Left Cadenabia 10- $\frac{1}{2}$ on steamer for Colico on the upper part of the lake. Steamer crowded with pleasant people. Had quite a nice conversation with a nice lady on board from Naples who told me there had been two or three cases of cholera at the Hotel de l'Europe since we left. The sail was lovely and I enjoyed it very much. Took our carriage at Colico—Mrs. MacKenzie beginning to show her cloven foot. I took a

back seat, as my right. Went as far as Campo Dolcheno where we stopped for the night at a queer little country inn, bare floors but clean curtains & nice beds. We had lots of fun ordering our supper. W. was full of fun. The ride here has been lovely.

July 2—Tuesday. It looked somewhat like rain but the sun gilded the tops of the mountains at the back of the house. We rose, breakfasted and left at 6 A. M. Were followed by children begging for pennies. Saw the most beautiful flowers on the mountains, of every hue and shape. Mr. Mac. & W. gathered a great many for us. Mrs. Mac. decidedly out of humor. About 8 o'clock it commenced raining slightly, and the clouds covered the mountains, but we had fine views, notwithstanding. Got very thick when we were passing through the galleries; missed one of the finest views in consequence. Reached the summit about 10¹/₂ A. M.; barren and rocky, snowy and cold. Clouds began to break away and sunshine to rest upon the mountains. The descent was very grand. I never saw anything like the scenery; snow on one side, flowers and birds on the other. Saw one small glacier. Stopped a short time at Spengen, where we had the first glimpse of the Rhine. It has its source near here. Got some bread and cheese, and drove on to Andeer where we had as poor a dinner as we have had yet. I was quite dis-

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gusted. Left about 3 P. M., passing through the Rhine Gorge, called Via Mala. Charming. Mrs. Mac. contrary and cross. Stopped at Thusis where our horses were regaled on bread and milk. Commenced raining. The valley is very fine beyond Thusis, highly cultivated and picturesque, with some marvellous old castles and ruins. W. got quite wet and was obliged to get inside. Arrived at Coire at 8 P. M., tired out and hungry. We have concluded to go to Munich tomorrow. Mrs. M. has just called on us. I think she is ashamed of her conduct.

July 3—Wednesday. We had a very nice breakfast. Our accommodations have been very satisfactory at the hotel, the name of which is too Dutch to remember. Coire is a neat flourishing place. At 8 o'clock we drove to the station and took second class cars for the first time since we have been travelling abroad. We, having a large party, found them quite comfortable and thought we liked them better on account of having more air. Made two or three changes before arriving at Lake Constance. Some of the cars looked quite homelike, seats arranged like ours at home. The road runs through the valley of the Rhine, and I think it one of the most beautiful rides I have yet taken. The valley would perhaps average two miles in width, beautifully cultivated with high mountains, some of them snow-capped,

on every side. We are experiencing all kinds of weather; first a rain cloud and then sunshine. While passing through the rain below, half way up the mountain, the sun shines brightly and on top *light, fleecy clouds lie*. Just before arriving at —— on Lake Constance a very gentlemanly man got in who gave us some valuable information as to crossing, etc. He was smoking, as all do here, making no exception where ladies are. We were very sorry he did not go in our direction. Our first view of the lake was exquisite, but a heavy rain cloud soon spoiled all and we were obliged to run from cars to boat, and rush down into a little close cabin. It soon cleared and we enjoyed our sail of an hour very much, arriving at —— on the opposite shore. Our baggage underwent examination and W. lost his temper a little at the cool manner of the officer. Ate our lunch, which we brought from the hotel, with a glass of beer which W. brought in the car for us. On our way from Coire we saw wooden houses for the first time, beautiful flowers at the windows, and the neatest little station houses covered with vines, surrounded with a profusion of flowers looking quite picturesque. Bavarian agriculture and farm houses reminded me of New England—everything so neat. Everyone seemed to be occupied in hay making. Miles and miles of hayfields and grain. Occasionally a few rail fences. No stones, and the

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extent of level country quite prairie like. We arrived at 7¹/₂ P. M. at Munich, somewhat tired particularly as our last change of cars brought us in contact with a different class of passengers, a sick man and Capuchin monk. We made ourselves quite merry over the monk. Got a nice room at the Bavarian Hotel, on first floor & a nice supper. Munich is a clean and handsome city. Looks somewhat like Buffalo. Met some nice Americans in an omnibus.

Munich, July 4—Thursday. A lovely day. Took a valet de place and went sight seeing. First to the modern gallery of paintings where are some exquisite things by Munich artists. Rode round the city and went to the home of our guide, a right pleasant home. Bought some specimens of carving and a pipe of carved deer's horn for \$6. Visited the cemetery and dead house where were 25 or 30 bodies, mostly infants. There are a great many illegitimate children born here, which accounts for the great number. It was a dreadful sight. Two rooms, one for the poor and another for the aristocracy. Everyone is obliged to expose their dead 24 or more hours. The adults all have bell wires in their hands. Saw the burial of a little infant. Went to see the paintings on glass, also on porcelain. Visited the Church of Our Lady of Succour. Elegant glass windows, also frescoes. Dined table d'hôte. Met at din-

ner the same family we saw in omnibus. They are Western people and exceedingly pleasant. Indulged ourselves in a bottle of champaign in honor of the day and drank to our absent friends, Alex in particular. Wonder if he will think of us? After dinner went to the opera. Commenced at 6 and over at 9. It seemed very strange to be going to the opera at so early an hour. Opera *Il Trovatore* well performed.

July 5—Friday. Rather an unpleasant morning. Went with our guide to see the Cathedral, St. Boniface, St. Michel, where the royal family attend and where they have the finest music. The Cathedral walls are full of tombs and monuments on the outside. To the royal Palace; in the court saw a beautiful bronze fountain, Perseus with the head of the Medusa in his hand, standing on the body. From the head and neck a stream of water falling. Also a fountain of shell work. Several figures made entirely of shell, also flowers, fruit, &c.

Gallery of beauty, being portraits of the handsomest women in Munich taken at request of the old King—one I liked best was that of a shoemaker's daughter. A suite of rooms prepared for Napoleon First, bed and furniture of exquisite workmanship embroidered at an expense of \$300,000; crimson velvet embroidered with gold, taking many hands a number of years to execute, never used by

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N., he preferring his own cot. Dressing room opening out of it lined and ceiled with mirrors. A carved ivory chandelier, the work of Maximilian. Many curious cabinets, vases &c. Another small room covered with cabinets, pictures on copper—beautiful. The floors of many of the rooms are exquisitely beautiful, of small bits of wood in fine design, walls covered with paintings. Ballroom very elegant and well ventilated.

Visited the gallery of old paintings, many of them of the 12th, 16th and 17th centuries. Many of Rubens, Van Dyke, &c. One touching Deposition by a Dutch painter affected me as none others of the same subject has. I have been more pleased with these pictures than any I have seen.

Bought a few transparencies, a small Madonna on porcelain. Went to the bronze manufactory. Saw the models of statuary at Washington. Purchased some photographs, guide books and returned to dinner. Had a nice talk with our new acquaintances, and a call after dinner from Mrs. Mackenzie, also from Mr. King of Baltimore. E. and I called on Mrs. Mac. She is quite passable today. W. is gone to a beer concert with our guide and E. and I have been packing for a start tomorrow.

July 6—Saturday. Left the hotel at 9 A. M. On our way to Innsbruck. Took second class cars,

the expense being one third less and the comfort nearly equal to first class. Stopped for dinner and to change cars at Rosenheim, a more disgusting place I have not been in but once before. That was in Italy, going from Rome to Florence. Women and men eating, drinking beer and smoking all in the same room. Ate a rool. Valley of the Inn very beautiful, snowy mountains on either side and the neat little Swiss cottages make quite a picturesque picture. We arrived at Innsbruck about 7 P. M. tired and hungry. Stopped at Austria House—the best. Got a nice front room, feather pillows and down covers. Amidst great difficulties we got an apology of a dinner and walked out to see the town. It is neat and clean and very prettily situated, overhung by the mountains. Came accidentally to a circus, which we entered. Audience not large but respectable and performance quite creditable. Had to inquire our way home.

July 7—Sunday. Spent the morning in writing to Alex. English service in the hotel but we did not attend. Table d'hote dinner at 3 P. M. Miserable soup, boiled eels, beef, potatoes, beans, calves-head, chicken and salad, rice pudding, strawberries, cheese, etc. very poor affair. Took a carriage and rode out to see a fine view from the castle of Amrass. Rode by River Sill, crossed the new iron bridge over

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the swift running Inn. The peasantry out in holiday attire looking neat and happy. Soldiers in a uniform of blue pants, white jackets trimmed with orange, a fine looking set of men. This is the quietest place on Sunday, we have yet been in. Plenty of smoking and beer drinking but no noise or confusion. Rode up to Mount Isel, where we obtained a fine view of Innsbruck and the mountains. Rain and sunshine alternately, which has been the case all day. We have the greatest trouble to make ourselves understood. Have been homesick all day.

July 8, 1867—Sunday. Weather very much as yesterday. Have been out shopping, and making arrangements for leaving tomorrow. I spent \$4.40 for a painting on cobweb by a peasant, and a little carving. Intend to go to Schönberg this afternoon. Am still feeling somewhat of a homesick feeling. After dinner, which was more satisfactory than yesterday, we rode out to Schönberg, through the wildest mountain scenery. Rain and sunshine as usual here. Stopped at a queer inn and got a lunch of bread, milk and cheese. I went into the kitchen to dry my feet which I wet in a walk behind the house to see the gorge, but which we did not find. The cooking utensils were of brass and copper, bright as they could be. The fire was built on a raised place in the middle of the room, without any outlet for

smoke. The ceiling arched and black with smoke. We had the most delicious milk. Rode home in a disagreeable rain, cold and cheerless. Went directly to bed. Chambermaid brought me the nicest contrivance for holding hot water, to put in the bed. Should like to have one at home.

9th, 1867—Tuesday. Left the hotel at 8 A. M. in private carriage for Brigenz on Lake Constance, (expense 10 Napoleons) time 3 days. We saw a beautiful part of the Tyrol. The valley of the Inn beautifully cultivated. Stopping at a little inn to dine, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. Just dined. First course, vermicelli soup & sausage; 2, fish; 3, boiled beef and potatoes; 4, fried hashed veal and salad, stewed prunes; 5, cake, baked with cherries in it, and cherries. Old family silver evidently heirlooms and the choicest china. It is very cold and the snow lies quite thick on the mountains, some of it a fresh fall last night. W. is somewhat complaining; cold he took yesterday. We were sorry to leave the MacKenzies and I feel somewhat lonely without them.

The country through which we have been passing is really very fine, and the mountains wooded, many of them, to the top. A great deal of cut wood evidently prepared for transportation on rafts; the river runs very rapidly. Numerous shrines and crucifixes by the wayside. I counted four full-size

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bodies of our Saviour on the cross in less than two miles. Two fine ruins on our right, quite picturesque in appearance. E. and I got out to walk and try and find some cherries. Took the wrong road and walked a mile nearly, wondering why the carriage did not overtake us. Turned and found a man in full chase after us. Retraced our steps, expecting to find W. in a pet. On the contrary found him merry at our expense.

Landeck, 8. P. M. Since dinner we have been riding through the wildest grandest and loveliest scenery I have yet seen. The valley has narrowed so that in many places it barely admits the passage of the Inn. Occasionally beautiful pictures present themselves, of old castles, on apparently inaccessible heights. The snow-capped mountains on every side, beautiful water falls down the side of the mountain. The road is very fine, very high and steep in some places. I have found a market for my pennies, this afternoon one little black boy making earnest appeal. He was a traveller with knapsack on his shoulder. I was sorry I had not more for him.

Stopping at an Inn where not a word of anything but German is spoken. 9 P. M. We have just supped sumptuously on roast chicken, fried potatoes, tea, cream, honey, stewed cherries and quince and delicious cake and rools. The best china and silver heirlooms brought out for the occasion. Our room is

neat and comfortable, white curtains, bare floor, oval washbowl, earthen stove in a corner, two beds with feather pillows and down covers. Rugs in front, silk bed cover, pink crimson pillows with white covers, tables, &c, sofa and chairs of crimson. Had great difficulty in procuring all these comforts and lots of fun. We have seen the bear if not the elephant of Landeck.

July 10—Wednesday. Breakfasted very comfortably and left at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ amidst the goodbyes and kind wishes of the household. E. and I had beautiful bouquets from the landlady, who showed her baby with great satisfaction. We had a very pleasant time there. Took a roast chicken and some rools for lunch. The grandest scenery lies between Landeck and Stuben. We stopped at St. Anton to dine and feed horses. The inn being so dirty and uninviting, we took our lunch a little distance from the house; E. got a couple of glasses of milk and we ate, sitting on a rail in full sunshine. We walked on (leaving the carriage to follow) some 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 miles, stopping to see the fine views, picking flowers etc., till we came to a peasant's house, neat and inviting, which we entered and asked as well as we could for some milk. An old woman, spry and active, soon called us in to the family room where they were taking an afternoon meal, brown bread and butter, coffee, &c.

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They were all eating at one end of the table and a small wooden tub of rich milk and three spoons and a plate of white rools was placed at the other for us. We made her understand, after two or three efforts, we wanted glasses or cups to drink from. I never saw a more cleanly home. A row of benches as white as they could be scoured were placed around the sides of the room. They were evidently pleased with our visit and we refreshed by the nice milk and bread, for which she charged one franc, including a glass of wine and bread for our coachman. We soon arrived at the highest point, the scenery was grand beyond description. We were sorry to leave the Tyrol behind us. Arrived at Dallas where we stopped tonight at 6½. Nice clean hotel and nice tea. Our way lies through Vorarlberg tomorrow. One interesting feature today has been the hay makers. A happy-looking set in various costumes. The red and yellow handkerchief universally worn on the head enlivens the scene. Children as well as men smoke, and all drink beer. They have a great wealth of flowers and are universally polite. Everyone you meet bows or salutes you, even young boys.

July 11—Thursday. Left Dallas at 8 A. M. scenery more monotonous, not so wild or grand; after numerous attempts, made them understand we wanted some hard boiled eggs, not knowing how we

might fare at noon. The hotel has been one of the most comfortable we have found in S. At noon we stopped at Feldkeich to feed the horses and try for a lunch. After a long parley, nothing but Dutch being understood, a pitcher of hot milk, cups and sugar made their appearance. Another effort and it was exchanged for cold, which we enjoyed with our eggs and rools. The day is fine, cold bracing air. Arrived at Bregenz, tired, hungry, dusty &c. I think I have enjoyed the Tyrol more than anything else. The whole way has been a series of varied and beautiful pictures, haymakers giving life and beauty to the scene. The latter part of our ride has not been quite so pleasant. We arrived at Bregenz at 6½ P. M. Had a nice supper, beautiful raspberries, honey, fish, and a nice cup of tea, very acceptable after our long ride. The lake and sunset is beautiful.

July 12—Friday. Breakfasted at 5½, took steamer on lake for Constance. A German gentleman from Ohio fell in conversation with us and rendered us some service in passing custom house and various little ways with his German, neither French or Italian being spoken. Could not find a carriage at Constance, so had to trot through the hot dusty streets following our baggage to find a banker, which having accomplished, took cars for Schaffhausen, from where we got a lunch of bread and

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beer, cheese, vile trash and a dirty, dirty place. From thence took cars to Dachsen, where we dined and rode out to the falls of the Rhine, the largest falls in Europe. I was much better pleased than I expected to be. It commenced raining for which I was very sorry. The spray must be beautiful when the sun shines. Made a few purchases and returned to hotel, took cars for Zurich, where we arrived at 9 P. M. having been on the move since 5 in the morning, quite tired out. The house is crowded and with difficulty we got two small rooms.

July 13, 1867—Saturday. Wal brought in three letters, two for me, one from Pa and one from Sallie.³ W's was from Eb.⁴ We spent the morning in reading letters and riding in the town doing some shopping &c. The houses public and private are beautiful, draped with flowers, evergreens, flags, festoons of gay colors, rugs, table covers, in fact every available bright thing is hung out, giving the city quite a gay appearance, the occasion being an annual musical festival. Our not being acquainted with German prevents my getting information. I bought a beautiful carved ivory headed cane for Uncle *Than*.⁵ Dined table d'hote, 1 gilder. Met in.

³Mrs. Ebenezer Baldwin, sister-in-law to J. B. S.

⁴Ebenezer Baldwin, nephew to J. B. S.

⁵Nathaniel Smith, brother to Alexander Smith.

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the salon after dinner Mrs. White and Mrs. Bishop, the latter Mr. Wolf's sister. They seemed glad to meet us again, affable and agreeable. Music in salon by Tyrolese performers in the evening. I enjoyed it very much. Retired at 11 P. M. It has been raining considerably today.

July 14th, 1867—Sunday. Weather cloudy. The house seems quite full, more like our hotels at home than any I have been in. I quite enjoy being here. It is the first time since we left Paris we have been in a public parlour. Have been boxing up some of our traps to send by rail to Paris, together with a trunk. I have written to Fanny.⁶ The sun is coming out. 12 M. Drove out to see the city. Peasants out in holiday attire, gay-colored bodices, steel chains &c, high, queer-looking caps. It has been showery all day. Shops are not open here on Sunday as in Italian cities. The inhabitants seem less volatile, more Sunday-like excepting the amusements, tight-rope walking and others of the same stamp, excursion parties on the lake, music and firing of guns. A very nice dinner. Hotel Bains Au Lac. More like an American watering place than any we have stopped at yet. Bought a pair of ivory sleeve buttons for Hall⁷ and a little basket for myself. Met the Bishop

⁶Miss Fanny Corne, of Cambridge, Mass.

⁷Son of Anson Baldwin and nephew of J. B. S.

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and White party in salon after dinner. Very affable and agreeable. Went early to bed but did not sleep well.

July 15, 1867—Monday. Rose at 5 and breakfasted at 6, to get off with the 7 o'clock boat. Owing to dilatoriness of porter, were left. Had to leave our trunk unmarked and box unnailed, very much against my inclination. We have a receipt for the trunk in German. Can't understand a word of it. I feel quite anxious about it. It is a beautiful morning. Warm. Were left for the first time, & have to wait an hour for another boat. Boat left at 8 A. M. Sailed down Lake one hour and a half to Horgen where we took a carriage and rode through a beautiful country to Zug, where we dined on lake salmon, beef, chicken, peas, cake, strawberries and cherries. Excellent dinner. Two hours ride from Horgen to Zug. From Zug to Arth, around Lake Zug 1 1/2 hours delightful ride. Then took horses for the ascent of Rigi. Left at 3 & were four hours going up. Rather tedious and pretty hard work. My old horse was the hardest walker I ever was on. Road good but very steep. Found the house full, only one room in the topmost story unoccupied. E. & I took it; very nice room; dinner table d'hote. Dinner good, but no change of knife and fork. Cleaned them for every course on my napkin. Great numbers walking up

and three or four being carried in chairs. View charming from the top. Lakes, mountains, rivers, snow and ice, cultivated fields, all visible at once. Met the Lowthers who came up an hour later. Retired early. No sleep. A tremendous thunder shower in the night. Thought the whole house would blow away. Report of a cannon brought me out in a jiffy; found women, men and children scampering about, everyone more or less frightened, except E. who provoked me by taking it so coolly. Concluded to share her fate, as she was too lazy to get up, and go off in fine style (if we went at all) in bed comfortably.

July 16th—Tuesday. 4 o'clock A. M. Horn blew long and loud, calling the people up to see the sunrise. Dressed as quickly as possible and rushed out, leaving E. to follow. Such a looking set of people! Such toilets! As ludicrous as the sunrise was beautiful. W. not visible, sleeping through it all. After breakfast E. & W. provided with staffs set off down the mountain. I followed on a horse, loaded with our bags and shawls—a perfect baggage team. Took boat at Weggis on the other side, a little town on the Lake of Lucerne. A short sail brought us to Lucerne, quite a large city on Lake and River Reuss. Stopped at Schweizerhof, where I tried to get some sleep, but in vain. Such a noisy place I never was in.

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4½, waiting for dinner. Rode around the city; very pretty place. The shore of the lake slopes beautifully down, covered with beautiful homes, large boarding houses. The high mountains Rigi & Pilatus in view. Met at dinner the Lowthers.

17th, 1867—Wednesday. Left Lucerne in steamer en route for Interlaken. Left the boat at Horgan, where we had to take the most undesirable seats in diligence. Had two peasants on our way to occupy the third seat. I quite out of humour with W. for his backwardness in asking questions. Beautiful views of the valley, lakes, hamlets &c. Passing over the Brunig Pass. Swiss children singing by the way. Arrived at Brienz on Lake Brienz about 3 P. M. Took a little steamer for Interlaken, where we arrived about 5 o'clock, changed dress and dined table d'hôte at 6. Nice front room in hotel Jungfrau. The snow-covered mountain just in front looking beautiful in the setting-sun light. The valley is quite narrow, high mountains rising on every side. This place reminds me of Saratoga.

18th—Thursday. Took little steamer on the lake for Giessback Falls, at 10 o'clock. A great number of French-Germans on board. Walked up the mountain, catching beautiful views of the Falls at every turn. The mountain from 4 to 6 thousand feet high, ascent very steep and tiresome. Dinner and

lunch at the hotel, about half way up, where are stores for the sale of carvings and numerous articles for sale. Purchased a few and returned to hotel at 5 P. M. tired out. Dined and went out shopping. The carvings are exquisite. Purchased some needle-work Hdks. for which I am somewhat sorry. I am too impulsive. There is a large family here I like the appearance of, I think Americans. We leave too soon to take the trouble of making their acquaintance.

July 19th—Friday. Started immediately after breakfast in carriage for Lauterbrunnen and the falls of Staubbach, and Trümmelbach. Narrow valley with rocky walls on either side rising in places perpendicularly with numerous little falls issuing from the face of the rock. Staubbach, called the most beautiful, is over 900 feet high. Trümmelbach issues from a circular hole in a cleft of rocks fed by the glaciers of Jungfrau. Very wonderful. Lunched at a commonplace hotel. Scenery very picturesque. Returned in time to make some purchases in carved wood. Ordered them sent to N. Y. Left our painting of angels to be framed.

July 20th—Saturday. Left Interlaken early in the morning for Berne. Rode two miles in omnibus to steamer. Met the Lowthers and another family

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of Americans from Catskill. I think their names are Noble. Had a right pleasant chat. Lake Thun quite pretty, many fine houses on its banks. Took cars and arrived in Berne about 2 P. M. Rooms at the top of the house. Had a poor lunch sent to our rooms. Took a carriage and went to see the bears, &c. The bears are housed in quite a pretentious building with a circular stone yard sunk some feet below the pavement. They are endowed by an eccentric gentleman and are quite rich. Six in all. An old fountain on which a statue of an old man devouring children, one half way down his throat and others sticking out from his pockets, bag, &c. The city is very pleasant and a fine view of the Alps, Mont Blanc, &c. Wrote to Alex. Met at dinner, or W. did, some N. Y's who knew the Hydes of Yonkers.

July 21—Sunday. Wrote to Alex. Rode out and took another look at the bears, and out some distance in the country. Enjoyed it much. Returned and called on Mrs. Webb, who is also stopping Hotel Bellevue.

July 22—Monday. So anxious for our letters waiting us at Geneva that we rose at 4 A. M., took a lunch of bread and cold meat in the cars with us, left at 5 for Geneva, where we arrived at 10 o'clock A. M., tired and heated and hungry. Stopped at

Hotel de la Paix, nice and comfortable, on the Lake. Never enjoyed a breakfast more. Nice salmon and honey, rools &c. E. did not go down to table d'hote. W. & I did, but my head ached so badly could not enjoy it. Three letters from Alex. E. had five from different friends, quite a treat. W. & I walked out to see the shops of which there is a goodly display.

July 23—Tuesday. Took steamer Leman and went up the lake to Chillon. Returned with same boat, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to visit the castle. First entered an arched underground chapel, then a dark place opening out of it; across two columns is a blackened beam where prisoners were executed. An opening in the wall—now stoned up—where their bodies were thrown into the lake. Another little room, seemingly of solid rock, where the condemned spent the night previous to execution. Rock across one side in shape of a couch. Out of this you enter by a very small door the prison of Bonivard with its 7 columns—Byron's name cut in one—steps worn in the floor around the column to which he was fastened for six years. On the floor above, a place of torture—a column with pulley, to draw prisoners up, where they were tortured in various ways. The column charred and blackened by fire where some were tortured in that way. Above, the bed chambers of the

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Duke & Duchess of Savoy, reception rooms &c. Ceiling panelled in oak. Three posts of a bedstead in the Duke's room, which is painted red overhead with traces of frescoes on the sides. The Duchess' room has a peculiar fireplace in one corner, with a fine view of lake. Were shown one other room near a chapel where service is still performed once in two weeks, a dark deep hole where such prisoners were disposed of who were not of sufficient importance to be tried or tortured, thrown down to starve or die as best they could. Got back to Geneva 6½; had a nice tea & went out to walk & make a few purchases. Met the Lowthers again here at same hotel.

July 24—Wednesday. Raining this morning. Cleared off about 9 A. M. E. had her ears pierced at Hess & Metford's. W. bought chain at Patek-Phillippe's. Went all over their establishment and saw how watches are made. Took carriage & rode over the city & out in the suburbs. Looked at bracelets, &c, dined—Lowthers at one end of the table. Dinner good. The lake is very beautiful from our room.

July 25—Thursday. Rose early to take diligence at 7 A. M. for Chamounix. Engaged coupé which just accommodated us. Enjoyed the ride. Dined, or rather breakfasted, at St. Gervais, where

are baths and large accommodations for boarders in summer. Went from there in carriage to Chamounix where we arrived 6½ P. M. pretty well tired out. Had tea and walked out to see the town & specialties, jewelry & nicknacks of all kinds manufactured from crystals & agates and mountain stones of all kinds. Purchased a few. Met the Lowthers, who arrived half an hour before us.

July 26th—Friday. Here we are in Chamounix. Dull, rainy day. Made an attempt this morning to go to the Mer de Glace, obliged to return in a pelt-ing shower. Alternate sun and rain all day (provoking). In the afternoon rode out to the source of the Arveyron & went in the cave cut in the glacier des Bossons. Spent the evening in the parlour with the Lowthers & an Irish gentleman, who was evidently quizzing them. It was too amusing.

July 27th—Saturday. Left the hotel at 9 A. M., ascended Montanvert, crossed the Mer de Glace, went over the Mauvais Pas to the Chapeau, rested & lunched at the chalet. A tiresome day's work. Reached hotel about 5, in time for table d'hôte. Mont Blanc hidden in clouds. Met some pleasant people today in parlour. Mrs. Carter & daughters from Baltimore, a Miss Hayward from Boston.

July 28th—Sunday. Beautiful day. Attended

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the little English church near hotel. Service well read and good sermon from an English divine visiting here, subject Love toward God. Excellent sermon also in the afternoon. The Carters are rank secessionists; exciting conversation in the evening. Bid them goodby with promises to call on them in Paris. Wrote to Alex.

July 29—Monday (Cold as November). Left hotel at 7 A. M. in carriage, having sent the mules on in advance. Beautiful valley, but evidently poor in the necessaries of life. Men, women and children occupied in gathering the hay, not so picturesque as the hayings in the Tyrol. At Argentière we took the mules & commenced the tiresome but exceedingly interesting crossing of the mountain to Martigny. Scenery the grandest and wildest we have yet seen, the road winding round the Tête Noire, 400 ft. above the ravine & rising above quite as high, passing through a tunnel cut in the rock and passing under overhanging rocks. In one place, the side of a high mountain, the sun never shines. Lunched at the Hotel Tête Noire & purchased a shawl-pin as souvenir. Here commenced the Gorge of the Trient extending to Martigny. After an hour's rest we proceeded on our way. The latter part of the way very tiresome. Walked a long way down the Forclaz. My mule, proving refractory, ran away and kicked the

guide in the back. Arrived at hotel qr. before 5, completely tired out. Did a little shopping & retired.

July 30th—Tuesday (Cold wind blowing down the valley). Visited the Gorge of the Trient, one of the most wonderful things we have seen yet, the river rushing through a narrow gorge in some places not over 9 or 12 feet wide. In one place it widens forming an arched room, called The Church. The gorge is 9 miles long, a narrow foot bridge being fastened to the rocks, enabling you to go up the gorge from half to a mile. Rocks rising precipitously on either side, in some places one thousand feet high, the sun shining on it one hour in the day, when it is vertical.

The Pissevache Falls, nearby, are exceedingly beautiful, 120 feet high, the water dashing over in jets, looking like so many serpents. Am writing at the little station, waiting for cars. Left at 11 A. M. in train for ———, where we changed taking car for Neuchâtel. Delightful views of Lake Geneva—Chillon. We have quite made the circuit of Lake Geneva. Changed cars again at Lausanne, where we were unfortunate enough to get in a car with four smokers, not agreeable, as I have headache and am not feeling well. This day's experience has cured me of 2nd class cars, though we have heretofore found them more comfortable & better ventilated

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than 1st. Arrived at Neuchâtel 4½ P. M. The lake is beautiful, its banks lined with vineyards. I never saw such an extent, excepting in the South of France. Hotel promising, on the Lake. This lake has a beauty peculiarly its own. Soft, beautiful blue color; a haziness in the atmosphere makes it dreamy-looking. It has not the *mountain setting* of the other lakes. 6 o'clock P. M. Awaiting dinner—tired & hungry. Met the Sargents from Boston at dinner—had a pleasant chat with them. Rode out to the Gorge—had a fine view of the Alps, Mont Blanc looked grand in the setting sun—the view charming. Quite cool. Had another long chat with young J. Sargent in the evening. They are going to Geneva.

July 31st, 1867—Wednesday. Left Neuchâtel at 11 A. M. for St. Blaise in 2nd class cars. Delightful ride along the banks of the lake. Neuchâtel and another smaller lake, nothing but vineyards to be seen on every side. Hotel good. Delicious rools and honey. Arrived at St. Blaise at 5½ P. M. Stopped at *des Trois Rois*, nice hotel. After dinner rode round the city, which is on both sides of the Rhine. Quaint looking houses, high peaked roofs, with 3 & 4 rows of dormer windows in them. Crossed the bridge to *Little Blaise*. Saw where Mrs. D'Horant (Kate Olive) lives and her husband's manufactory. Nice looking house—not in the fashionable quarter.

Fine old cathedral—large hotels—many fine houses, all having a shut-up appearance, as if not occupied. A fine railroad station. (Saw bridal party at station.)

August 1st—Thursday. Left St. Blaise at 9 this morning, arrived at Baden-Baden at 1 P. M. first class cars, like a little parlor. Flat, level agricultural country, soil apparently not very rich. Baden delightfully situated in the valley of the Vos on a side hill. After a lunch drove out to the cascades—of no account—but drive through the woods delightful. Met the Grand Duchess, sister to the Emperor of Russia, *Marie of Russ*, & daughter, in the hall. Latter quite pretty. Lots of Viscounts, lords, princes, &c at the hotel—English. Dined table d'hôte there. Dinner good—not equal to our Saratoga fare. Germans and French in great numbers. Deportment at table disgusting. Walked out and made a few purchases of glass, &c. Sat in front of the conversation and gambling room listening to the music which was fine. Went in and saw the gambling at the roulette & rouge et noir. Large and fine. Pity they are not used for better purposes. Old and young, high and low alike fascinated. Was told one man broke the bank twice today, a Russian stopping at our hotel. Had an ice and retired at 12 midnight. W. & E. have promised to get up and go to the springs in

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the morning at 6. Found two letters from Alex awaiting me here. Am right sorry to leave Switzerland. Have enjoyed it exceedingly.

August 2, 1867—Friday. Failed to get E. or W. up in time. Had only a few minutes to run to the Kursaal, where were only a few drinking the water which is warm as it issues from a fountain in the center of a large room nicely fitted up. Few seemed to take it pure, but mix it with goat's milk and sugar making a tasteless, insipid drink.

After breakfast rode to the old castle and new. The former a magnificent old ruin commanding the finest prospect overlooking Baden-Baden and the Valley of the Rhine for a long distance. In the new castle we went down into the dungeons, Roman baths, &c, torture room and a place where condemned prisoners were told to kiss the virgin placed in a niche when a trap on which they stood dropped, letting them fall 180 feet on knives at the bottom of the pit. The massive stone and iron doors were very curious. The present emperor occupies the castle in summer.

I have been well pleased with Baden. Left at 11 for Mayence, where we arrived about 5 P. M. Country between uninteresting. Made acquaintance with a Prussian gentleman just returned from America. Mayence is a fine city, possessing much

wealth. The bridge, cathedral, theatre, monuments well worth seeing. We remained out till quite dark. View from gardens extensive and beautiful. City cleanly, wide streets, residences of the better class very handsome. At the upper windows, little looking glasses to reflect what is passing in the streets. Stopped at English hotel, much pleased.

August 3d, 1867—Saturday. Took steamer on Rhine at 9 A. M. Bright pleasant morning. Few if any Americans on board. Lowthers came on board at Coblenz. Fine view at Coblenz of the arched bridge of boats, &c, fortifications opposite. Weather changed to cold, cloudy. Suffered very much of cold in consequence of Wal's putting our shawls away with baggage. Lowthers as amusing as ever. Am better pleased with the Rhine than I expected to be. Arrived at Cologne about 6 P. M. After dinner walked out to see what we could buy. Prices high. Bought bottle of Farina cologne, very nice.

August 4, 1867—Sunday. Breakfasted at 10 A. M. Took carriage and valet de place, who speaks English, and visited first Jesuit church. Fine painted windows and carved wooden pulpit, the work of two Jesuit brothers, ten years in progress. Some fine paintings by a pupil of Rubens. Next, to St. Ursula, where in the Golden Room are exhibited the skull of St. Ursula and her fiancé, her right hand and

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foot, the arrow found in her heart, the net for her hair, &c. A thorn from the crown our Saviour wore, the jar in which was the water turned into wine by him at the feast of Cana, & skulls in richly embroidered cases & gilded ones, bones in all sorts of fantastical forms and shapes, sentences formed with them, sarcophagus of St. Ursula richly gilt and precious stones, the sides of the church filled in 9 feet high and 6 wide with bones, cases of skulls all around. A monument on the spot where St. Ursula's remains were discovered. Full length figure in white marble over the altar, a picture representing her martyrdom, and smaller pictures around of scenes in her life. When we entered they were performing mass. All the congregation joining in the singing, inspiring a more devotional feeling than I ever experienced in any Roman church. It was grand. Cathedral is fine. The interior pleased me more than any I have seen. Light and airy. The windows are beautiful. The modern ones presented by King of Bavaria. A stone sculpture of St. Christopher & the infant Christ. Purchased some photographs & eau de Cologne. Stores all open same as week days. Lovely day. Cool. Met at breakfast a gentleman we saw at Marseilles. Dined table d'hote in which raw fish was one course. Had lots of fun. Left hotel 3 o'clock in carriage with commissioner to go to Dantz across the bridge of boats to the inauguration of the annual

fete lasting eight days, commencing with shooting and dancing, 11,000 persons crossing the bridge through the day. Drove through crowds of people, ginger bread stalls, toys, jewelry, swings, rotary horses, shows of all kinds, monkey performances and games of all kinds to please the young and old. The best shooter is elected king of the festivities. He selects a queen. We saw the crowns prepared for them on velvet cushions, in readiness for the evening. In the center of a long tent very showily decorated was laid a floor for the dancers. Around were seats for those who wished refreshments, eating, drinking and dancing being the order with them. At intervals, a plate was handed to the dancers for money to pay the music, which was very fine. A young gentleman requested through our valet de place the honor of Eva's company for the dance. She, however, declined. One poor fellow had his hand badly injured by a gun & was taken away in a carriage. I felt many compunctions of conscience; at the same time was anxious to see the manners and customs of the people. Everything was very orderly and all seemed in the highest state of enjoyment. Not a word of discord. So different from what we see at home in such a concourse of people. I never saw so many people together at one time and so little noise. Our commissioner got gloriously drunk but was quite gentlemanly to us, though quite inef-

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ficient, with regard to help. Had to work our own way out of the crowd and find the carriage as best we could. I felt as if we were quite out of place there. We however enjoyed the novelty of the scene exceedingly. Returned to the cathedral and went to the top, 345 steps. Saw the old and new parts. The old derrick which has been 400 years at the top of one of the towers. The top a perfect garden of roses and weeds, grass, &c. One beam 600 years old was shown us, also a staircase as old. Towers are to be carried up to the height of 500 feet when finished. The view from the top is very fine. It will probably be finished in 8 years. I am somewhat disappointed in Cologne, but not in the cathedral. The latter is to me the most imposing of anything I have seen in the way of gothic architecture. Four glass windows executed in Munich, presented by King of Bavaria, particularly fine. The old windows, 400 and 500 years old, exceedingly beautiful. Four hundred workmen employed daily now. This has been a deviation from our usual manner of spending Sunday. I can hardly realize it is Sunday.

August 5—Monday. Took another look at cathedral. Left hotel at 10 A. M. for Brussels. Met in cars a Mr. Jones and wife and child from Brooklyn. Found them pleasant. Baggage examined between Cologne and Brussels. Warm, dusty, disagree-

able ride. Arrived at hotel Belvue, at 6 P. M. Nice dinner. Met Lowthers again. They seem to haunt us. After dark we ventured out for a walk. We are really so shabby in our travelling dresses.

August 6, 1867—Tuesday. Took valet de place & went out to see the city, &c. Picture gallery of modern paintings fine. House of Commons, Chamber of Representatives & rooms leading to it very pretty. Carpeted in green with green velvet curtains. Library of 300,000 volumes. Senate Chamber—a fine painting of the Battle of Waterloo, a large painting. Portraits of Senators and Representatives. Recognized the face of an old gentleman who spoke to E. on the boat coming down the Rhine, Viscount——. Old paintings, monuments. Commenced raining. Looked at laces. Saw them manufactured. Bought a lace coiffure. E. got lace for her sacque. Went to another lace store and bought two lace coiffures and a set for E. Saw a monument erected to Count Horne and Count Egmont, beheaded in the square, where the monument now stands—two figures of bronze on one pedestal. Monument to the martyrs of 1830. Excellent table d'hôte dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Jones opposite, very pleasant. Walked out after dinner. Concert in the evening. Rain.

August 7, 1867—Wednesday. Shopping for laces. Bought at ——, the best place. Temptation

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very great to spend money. Got some cheap handkerchiefs, returned to the hotel in the rain. Weather unsettled. Saw the Minikin fountain. Singular taste the people have. 1½ P. M. Waiting for lunch. Bought a pair of slippers for 11 francs. A disagreeable, showery day. Wrote to Alex.

August 8, 1867—Thursday. Left in cars for Antwerp. 9 A. M. Unpleasant morning. Country flat but beautifully cultivated. Fine pastures, filled with cattle, sheep, fine avenues of trees and many beautiful chateaux. Rained hard when we arrived. Took a carriage and drove to cathedral. Engaged a valet de place, who spoke English. The cathedral is large and has 7 aisles. Some fine paintings by Rubens. The Descent from the Cross and Elevating the Cross, in which are introduced pictures of his mother, grandmother, wife etc. His wife beautiful. A picture painted by Quentin Matsys, a blacksmith, Death of the Virgin, and a fine head of Christ, painted on marble by Leonardo da Vinci. Beautiful carved pulpit 300 years old, next to St. Paul's Purgatory and Tomb of Christ. Crucifixion, Peter and the Cock, Daniel in the Lion's Den, etc., the grotto-work being made of clinkers from coal. The church contains Rubens' celebrated picture of the Scourging of Christ. Saw a copy, could not see the original, till after mass. Could not wait.

St. James', one of the richest and finest churches in Antwerp, contains the tomb of Rubens, in which 22 of his family lie. Two life size figures in marble of his wife, beautifully executed, are in the chapel. A beautifully carved marble altar railing. Elevation of the Cross carved in stone in 1719. Town hall fine building recently renovated, built in 1564. Old town hall of the 14th century. Old part of the town, with its narrow, winding streets, and high, pointed buildings, of the Spaniards. Old Spanish prison in which are many relics of that age. A piano of the 11th century, instruments of torture, chair of the judge, &c, museum and gallery of paintings, many fine Flemish paintings. Took a lunch and drove to the docks, built by Napoleon. Large and fine. E. bought a cap of the style the peasants wear. Antwerp is a fine old city, quaint but cleanly, with an air of business activity. The market women look quite picturesque in their odd-shaped hats and caps, lilac stockings and wooden shoes, large cloaks and large hoods. Returned to Brussels in the 3:40 train. Showery, unpleasant day. Visited the silk manufactory, J. H. Van Bellingen. Ordered dresses for E. and self, former \$60. mine \$70. Do not like hotel Belvue. Waiters supercilious.

August 9th—Friday. Left for Paris. Met Lowthers at depot. Pleasant ride. No trouble at customs

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house. Arrived at Grand Hotel about 3 o'clock. Room on fifth story looking out on glass roof of court. Gloomy enough. Cannot get our trunk from custom house till tomorrow. We dined in restaurant. Plain dinner, \$5., after which went out to look for lodgings. Exorbitantly high prices. From thirty-five francs to fifty-two francs per day.

August 10th—Saturday. Did not get trunk till 2 P. M. Meanwhile read and answered letters. 3 P. M. went out to look for hats. Ordered them at Mme. Lafosse's, Miss Leclair's⁸ milliner. Came home at 7, E.'s very pretty, mine forlorn; sent it back. Nothing cheap or nice here, as I see. Could not get shoes nor hoopskirts to suit. Skirts \$5.—inferior at that. W. & I went out to see if we could get a hat. None to be found as it was quite late and we did not know where to go. Returned disgusted and expect to open a doleful day tomorrow.

August 11th—Sunday. Our breakfast cost us nearly \$4. and nothing extra at that. Met Miss King⁹ in the salon. She is staying here with her friend. E. & W. went to church and I received a

⁸Miss Louise H. Leclair, a delightful and distinguished French lady, who gave lessons in French to young ladies. She was an accomplished teacher and greatly beloved of her pupils.

⁹Sister to Mr. Rufus King, of Yonkers.



JANE BALDWIN SMITH

long call from Miss King. Her conversation is very interesting. Dined table d'hôte, dinner good. Met Miss King in Salon. She introduced us to her friends, Mrs. Pratt and daughter. Spent a pleasant evening with them. Miss K. will give us some nice addresses.

August 12, 1867—Monday. Left directly after breakfast to see about hats, passage, rooms etc. Paid \$8. for hat. Like it much. Did not find anything at other places to compare with Mme. Lafosse. In a peck of trouble about rooms. Nothing exactly suits, either too high in price or position. Secured our passages on Russia. Feel much more comfortable about that. Have not heard anything about Mr. Flagg yet. Expect he is somewhere in Paris. W. has gone out to see again. Engaged rooms at Hotel d'Holland, first floor at an expense of 60 francs per day, including service. It seems very extravagant, but the situation is good and cheerful. Hesitated a good deal in deciding between apartments on Rue St. Honoré, second story, at 43 francs including service. Very neat, but not cheerful, having the hot sun nearly all day. The entresol was rented or we would have taken it. Could have been had for 35. Am sorry, as it had windows on Rue de la Paix, cheerful and high. Don't know what Alex would do were he here, but think he would not let the difference in price weigh, as it is

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but for a short time. Lots of discussion about it.
3 P. M. Just about leaving Grand Hotel for our new quarters. Hope we shall like them. Good by, Grand Hotel.

3 P. M., at Hotel d'Holland, Rue de la Paix:

Looks dusty and warm, and not particularly inviting. Think we have made a mistake in not taking the apartments in Hotel Vendôme. E. rushed out to see if they are still to be had. Dined nicely. Better pleased, but on consideration, think we shall change in the morning. The rooms are very pleasantly located.

August 13th—Tuesday. Paid our bill and left directly after breakfast. Our rooms look so neat and comfortable at Hotel Vendome, price per day 40 francs and 2 daily for service. Parlour, three bedrooms, dining room, washroom, water closet, and paintings in abundance. 20 mirrors, large and small. Did not stay to unpack, but went immediately to exposition. Have seen but little of Paris as yet. W. feverish and generally unwell. Made the circuit of outer gallery filled with machinery mostly. Not particularly interested. Some carpets from James Templeton's, Glasgow, set my thoughts over the water to my husband. How interested he would be in all this! Dined at the American Restaurant. De-

cidedly most popular. Sherry cobblers in great requisition. I asked for baked beans but they were not just at that time to be had. Two codfish balls and a glass of Sherry cobbler constituted my dinner. I feel so anxious about W. I cannot enjoy anything today. 3 P. M. Going home. Wal is tired out. Got dose of blue pills for W. and got directions from druggist to find a good physician if necessary. How I do wish we could find Dr. L. E. Flagg!¹⁰ I should feel so much more comfortable. What shall we do if W. has a long spell of sickness?

August 14th—Wednesday. W. feels somewhat better today. Went to Grand Hotel to see Miss King. She took us so kindly into her room, showed her dresses and her purchases, and gave us lots of advice and addresses. It will save us much time. Met Mr. Bertram and Webb in court. They are to call on us. W. has lost a package of gloves. Thinks he left them at Grand Hotel. Not to be found, however. W. went home and spent the rest of day quietly. E. & I went shopping. First, to Miss Leclair's dressmaker, who took my measure for a black silk walking dress, which tomorrow being fête day, cannot be finished till Monday next. Then we went to —, and I selected two lace shawls, black llama at

¹⁰Dr. Levi E. Flagg, homeopathic physician, of Yonkers, and family physician of the Smiths.

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\$13. and a white at \$25., lace parasol cover at \$8. shoes next. Mine did not fit, E's either. I don't like shopping in Paris as well as New York, though we found them very polite. Was shown some India shawls, very cheap compared with New York prices. Can get a nice striped one from \$16. to \$30. I think I will get one instead of a plaid. Dinner at a restaurant in the Palais Royal. Excellent dinner. Soup, fish, beef and mushrooms, chicken, peas & salad; bottle of wine & seltzer water; plenty of ice & sugar, for 17 francs. This is an improvement on our last dinner in the same palace. After dinner, took chairs at 2 cents apiece and sat near the fountain which was surrounded by old and young, high and low, enjoying the cool of the evening.

August 15th—Thursday. Have been quite ill all night. Felt quite badly but intend to drive out to see what is to be seen. A carriage with two horses for the day costs \$10. Took a cab and rode out to the Triumphal Arch. We first tried to get in Notre Dame to hear mass but having no tickets could not get access. I felt quite out of temper with the children for not asking for information. If I only understood the language I would try to keep posted on all these things. The preparations for illumination are on a grand scale. Streets crowded with well-dressed persons, happy and joyous. Went into the

chapel of Hotel des Invalides. Good music. The flower beds at the entrance are beautiful. I never saw geraniums blossom in such perfection before—pink, red and white. Dined at a restaurant in Palais Royal, third dinner and the most aristocratic place yet. Could not eat. Returned to our rooms, rested, and about 8 o'clock walked out to see the illuminations. The scene was truly magnificent. Festoons of white and red globes reaching from the Tuileries to the Arch of Triumph, from which later in the evening there was a grand display of fireworks. I never saw anything so grand before. A perfect scene of enchantment. Everything was quiet and orderly, no loud talking or brawling, no rude jostling. High and low, young and old, equally amused and happy. E. & I were both too sick to remain out long. W. brought us back to our room and then went out by himself. Went early to bed, feeling badly.

August 16th—Friday. Awoke with severe pain and cold extremities—somewhat alarmed. I concluded to send for advice, inasmuch as my remedies have no effect whatever. Sent for Dr. Ball, an Englishman—not in. Then for Dr. ——— at Grand Hotel—not in. Meanwhile W. found Dr. and Ethan Flagg's name at banker's. Went to their hotel. They were out also. About 12 N. Dr. Ball made his appearance. An application of mustard and hot water

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had relieved me. He however left me a potion and will call again tonight. Dr. Flagg, Ethan and Mr. Van Cise called and I was never so glad to see anyone before. E. & W. declined to go sight-seeing without me. I have just sent them out to dine. How I miss them! I spent the whole day in bed. Dr. Ball called at 8 P. M. The potion had the desired effect and I am better but quite weak.

August 17th—Saturday. Beautiful cool day. Mr. Ethan and Dr. Flagg called early in the morning. Had a nice chat. They have decided to go into Switzerland. About 12 went to dressmaker to be fitted for my black silk walking dress, after which rode out to exposition. Took a chair and rode round the second gallery. The display of Lyons silks is extremely beautiful and artistic. Jewelry also. The doll room seemed to be very attractive, not only to the little folks but also to the older ones. I never saw anything more perfect. The display of laces was also beautiful. Brussels has a fine display; a handkerchief bought by the Queen of Belgium—beautiful. Noticed some horse chestnuts carved in faces, &c, very curious. Furs cheap and pretty. E. selected a muff and tippet. I got a tobacco pouch for Alex. Lost W. and had to get home as best we could without him. E. & I obliged to walk a great distance and then wait for a cab. We were almost tired out. Din-

ner at Palais Royal. Dr. Ball called and dismissed me from his patients. Passed a sleepless night.

August 18th—Sunday. Beautiful cool morning. Went to Notre Dame expecting to hear some fine music. Two cents admission apiece to go up to the high altar. Nothing particularly striking in the architecture. Quite disappointed in the music. Left and went to railroad station, got tickets for St. Cloud. E. not feeling well. Met Mr. E. and Dr. Flagg there, bound for Versailles. Ethan looks badly but says he feels well. It is so pleasant to meet them. So much of home seems to cluster around them. Never saw a greater jam at the doors of our New York Central on matinée days. It was perfectly fearful. Ride out hot and not particularly interesting. Visited the Palace apartments, saw some fine tapestries on the walls equal to fine paintings. The reserved grounds are beautifully cultivated. Went into the park to await the playing of the water works. Too warm to walk about much. Amused ourselves seeing the people eat and drink from paper cups improvised on the spot. All seemed so happy. We ate the pleasure cakes cooked on the spot like waffles, very nice. W. & I walked up on the hill. Crowds of people amusing themselves in their own way; here a group of children, there a woman with a violin, playing away, some chatting, some eating

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and drinking, all happy seemingly. About 4 everyone rushed to the cascades. There must have been thousands. The men in authority had some difficulty to clear the space immediately in front of the fountains, but they were more kind and polite than I expected to see them under the circumstances, exemplifying what a gentleman said to Wal, that France was ruled by an iron hand in a kid glove. The effect was very beautiful but not at all natural. Soon we left for the cars, expecting a grand crush. Was very much amused with the conversation of a party in our compartment. A Scotch gentleman, Mr. Guitrin, and an Englishman and daughter. The former criticized unmercifully the cascades, very much to my amusement, compared it to a waterfall walking downstairs, arm in arm, very unnatural, and not his idea of cascades at all. Would like to make them a Highland cascade with a few bowlders of granite or imitation rocks. He was highly intelligent and very amusing. I should like to know him. I have an idea he is engaged in carpet manufacture. Returned to Paris about 6 and dined in the Palais Royal, excellent dinner; rode an hour on the Champs Élysées. Open carriages are hard to be procured, or we don't know where to find them. This has been a very warm day.

August 19th—Monday. Wrote to Alex. Spent

an hour at the dentist with E. His charge for filling one tooth \$12. I would not have paid it if I had had my way. Spent four hours in Exposition. Received a letter from Alex, which makes me feel a little homesick. It is too bad for him to be confined to business and we enjoying ourselves. I hope I shall come here again with him sometime. We did not quite finish the third gallery today. So many beautiful things in bronze, glass and china. Heard the American pianos played upon. They seemed to possess quite an attraction and drew crowds. Tiffany's display of silver was quite creditable. Skeleton leaves and dried autumn leaves from N. J. the only specimens of the kind. Copy of Guido's Aurora in tapestry—Gobelin, *beautiful*. Dined at American restaurant, filled—particularly around the soda fountain. It is amusing to see in what demand *straws* are. One English family near me took theirs home with them after using them. In the evening went to see Cinderella. Performance lasted from 7 P. M. to 12 P. M. Warm and tiresome. Some beautiful spectacles, but not quite equal to the last scene in Black Crook. Ethan called this morning and made an appointment for tonight and tomorrow morning. After we left the theatre supped on chicken salad at Maison Dorée. Very nice. First time I have seen the Boulevard in the evening. Retired about one o'clock tired out. Received a letter from Alex. A

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man jumped from column Vendôme and killed himself. Wal was just passing.

August 20th—Tuesday. Very warm weather. Ethan and Dr. Flagg called. Ethan is going to Switzerland and the Dr. home. Sent to Geneva by Ethan for my bracelet. Ethan introduced his traveling companion, Mr. Millbank. W. went to call on Mr. Stewart,¹¹ E. & I shopping. Bought grey silk for a dress, India shawl, and E. hdks, a cameo pin, 9 francs. Shopping is not at all pleasant here. Looked in two or three places for an evening silk for E. Failed to find it. Everything exceedingly high. I am beginning to weary of Paris; it is hot, noisy & not satisfactory to me. I think perhaps we are too tired to enjoy it. We have none of us felt well here, & there seems no time to recruit. Last evening we spent on boulevards took an ice and looked in the windows. Picked up a cigar case. It has rained considerably today.

Aug. 21st—Wednesday. Still quite warm. Tried to see the Palace of the Tuileries, was told it could not be seen till next month. Emperor & Empress out of the city. Have not had a peep at them yet. Spent a few hours in the Louvre examining the pictures, &c. Dined at a restaurant in Palais Royal,

¹¹Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, the great merchant, of New York City.

took a hack and rode out to the Bois de Boulogne in quite democratic style. I begin to appreciate the beauty of Paris now that I have seen more of it. Our drive was charming. More style and fashion than I have seen before in Paris. Bois de Boulogne exceeded in beauty my expectations. At the Louvre, after the pictures, the articles of clothing & furniture belonging to Napoleon I. pleased and interested me most. His camp chair & bed, some of his hair & also of his son's; also some of the toys & clothing of the latter. A chair of Marie Antoinette's, also a black satin slipper, prayer book, also prayer book of Marie de Medici—these old relics are very interesting. Specimens of Sèvres china, cradle of the King of Rome, etc. Bought some hdkfs. for Alex & myself.

How I do long to see Alex tonight. I think of him continually. Too bad that he should be harassed with business & we enjoying ourselves, *or trying to*. I believe I am too tired to really enjoy anything. E. & I have just had our heads shampooed.

Aug. 22nd, 1867—Thursday. Spent the day at the Exposition. Examined the picture gallery—felt quite proud of our American artists both in painting & sculpture. Our fourth day in the Exposition. Dined at our restaurant in P. Royal, took carriage and drove out to look for the MacKenzies. Mistook another person's address for theirs and

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came back without finding them. Disappointed, for I quite long to see someone again to have a good chat.

Aug. 23d, 1867—Friday. My birthday—wonder if Alex thinks of it! Spent the day in shopping. Bought party dress for E. & embroidered silk for myself at the Three Quarters; also some pillow cases, embroidered, for 3 francs 9c. apiece. Left dresses at dressmaker's, called at Madame Hurthell's for my dress—not finished yet. Quite out of patience with her. Went to see the opera of Martha in the evening—hot & disagreeable, an expensive and unsatisfactory expenditure as far as I am concerned. Got a very pretty portemonnaie from E. for a birthday present.

Aug. 24th—Saturday. Spent the day at the Exposition examining the park & buildings outside. Quite warm—was obliged to get a chair. Extra pay at many of the buildings. Japanese home—3 females in rich dresses sitting on cushions eating & drinking—noisy sounding of the —— bell. Imperial pavilion, beautifully fitted up—a perfect little gem of a palace, three rooms—boudoir perfect, one chair fringed with fuchsias and daisies. Drawing room hung with exquisite tapestries, carpet of light french-grey ground and wreaths of flowers.



EVA SMITH

Sultan's palace fitted up with crimson satin, fountain playing in the center, surmounted by a crescent, carpet of high pile—Turkish I suppose—green, blue, red &c, on a dark ground. Ceiling & decorations in Oriental style.

King of Prussia's—one room marble floor, candabras, vases, stained glass, etc. The arrangement of grounds outside pleased me most—festoons of flowers, coleus, box & little blue flowers. Aquaria very interesting. India shawls, laces, &c. Machinery I do not sufficiently understand to enjoy. Felt very proud of our sanitary department, tents, hospital furniture &c. Also of locomotive. Nothing to compare with it. It, together with street car, quite attractive. Reserved garden in which are the aquaria, very beautiful, finest display of Gladioli, cut close to the bulb and put in bottles of water. Mean to try some at home. Called to see the MacKenzies in the evening. Not at home. Had a little talk-fracas with landlady this morning. She insisted upon our paying for candles which we did not burn, but E's decided manner brought her to terms and she reluctantly deducted them, evidently not liking our taking our meals elsewhere.

August 25th—Sunday. Warm. E. gone to church. I just finished a letter to Alex. Rode in the Bois de Boulogne, hoping to see some of the im-

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perial family. Disappointed at having to go in a close, cramped carriage. Principal avenues thronged with carriages—a great deal of showy dress. Not much style in horses & equipages. See much more in Central Park. However, all the fashionables are, I suppose, out of town. Dined at Palais Royal at 19 francs. Received a call from Mrs. MacKenzie & Miss Haywood, very glad to see them again. Had a nice talk.

Monday Morning. Letter from Eb telling of Judge Scrugham's¹² death. Went to Exposition with intention of finishing all there. Worried about our funds. Expecting letters with remittance. Afraid to spend for fear of not having any left for necessities. E. bought furs & W. a fur pouch for Pa. Left Exposition & went shopping with W. to order shirts, &c. Went to the circus in the evening. Five little white dogs performed all sorts of feats, interesting & amusing. Audience very respectable, performance chaste—nothing low, as we sometimes see at home. Had an ice & home to bed.

Aug. 27th—Tuesday. Almost in a state of desperation about money matters. After breakfast drove to banker's. Two letters from Pa, one for W.

¹²The Honorable William W. Scrugham, of Yonkers, then sitting in the Court of Appeals of New York.

& one for me. Never were letters more welcome. Pa sent \$1500. It will never be enough, as we have ordered a number of things on the strength of Pa's offer of \$500 more. I am sorry but it can't be helped now. There seem to be so many things one wants. Went to the dressmaker's & was fitted, E. also for her party dress. Don't think I shall like Madame François as well as Madame —— who is making our other dresses. This morning a very amusing thing happened; whilst at the breakfast-table in consultation over our finances a bill for \$100. was presented in Col. Smith's name for hdk's., towels, etc. We made them understand it was not for us. Soon after, two men came with hdkfs. for Madame Smith, ordered three months ago. If ever I come to Europe again, think I will travel under some other name. Bought Alex some gloves at Jouvin's for about five francs a pair. After shopping drove to the Zoological Gardens. Very much pleased. The birds are very fine, particularly two blue and gold of the parrot species. The ride through the grounds and back was very pleasant. In the evening called to see the MacKenzies. Came home tired out. I feel as if I must have more rest than I get.

Aug. 28th—Wednesday. Warm, sunny day. Visited Hotel Cluny, a finely preserved old building containing a museum of antiquities. Was inhabited

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by Mary, sister of Henry VIII of England, widow of Louis XII. Her chamber is called the white chamber, it being the custom of the Queens of France to wear white mourning. In the adjoining chapel James V. of Scotland was married to Madeleine, daughter of Francis I. Quantities of old relics, tapestries of the 9th cent., two Neapolitan cars, two-wheeled, very elegant of the 17th cent. four magnificent state carriages of the reign of Louis XIV, two sedan chairs, three sledges, 1 of gilt representing a dragon, another covered with velvet, with a pair of jack boots. An ancient bed which belonged to Francis I.

Palais de Thermes, once the residence of the Roman governor of Gaul as well as of the kings of the 1st & 2nd races. A beautiful old ruin. The ivy covered pedestals on which stand the statues are very beautiful.

Notre Dame, one of the finest old cathedrals. Church of St. Sulpice, the corner stone laid by Anne of Austria, a fine old church. Pantheon: vaults beneath where are the tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau—many celebrities. Fine echo. We were driven like sheep in a pen whilst the guide fired a pistol, shouted, &c to awaken the echo. Gobelin tapestries manufactory very interesting. Crowd very disagreeable. Fine portrait of Emperor & Empress. Beautiful specimens of carpet. Bought my parasol, \$8.00.

August 29th—Thursday. Visited Hotel de Ville, seat of the Prefecture. The state apartments are very beautiful. Splendid ballroom—room of Napoleon I containing a painting of him in his coronation robes. Walls covered with green velvet on which are gilt bees. Here are given state balls by the Prefect of the Seine.

Sainte Chappelle in the 2nd court of the Palais de Justice, a beautiful old church restored—elaborately gilded, red & blue predominating, old stained glass windows of 1248, great rose window—very beautiful. E. & W. got pass to visit the Conciergerie, prison of the royal palace, the prison of Marie Antoinette has been preserved. It is now the sacristy of the chapel. Princess Elizabeth & Robespierre were also confined in it. A very interesting place to visit. Her crucifix is still there and two beautiful paintings representing her taking the last sacrament & taking leave of Elizabeth and the Duchess of Angoulême. One small round window afforded her light and air. The floor is paved with bricks. A curtain separated her from the two guards always present, whilst fifteen more guarded the outer door. The chapel opens out of it in which the Girondins held their last banquet. This prison has been the scene of dreadful events. In the last massacre on the 2nd and 3d of September, 1792, 239 persons were inhumanly murdered. Luxembourg, or Palais du Senat, a splen-

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did building copied after the Pitti Palace at Florence. Splendid suites of rooms filled with busts, &c, paintings by living artists. The suite of rooms occupied by Marie de' Medici, two arm chairs used at the coronation of N. Bonaparte. The bed chamber is elaborately decorated—finish, gilt & crimson. Contracts of marriage of Senators or their daughters are signed here & marriage ceremony held in the chapel opening from these rooms.

The present Emperor's rooms are very simple but elegant, containing two immensely long mirrors; a painting of his marriage with the Empress.

The gardens are exquisitely beautiful, large flights of marble steps, fountains & statuary. Ivy beautifully trained in festoons from tree to tree. Drove round the old Palais Royal, now occupied by tradespeople—to the Column Juillet where once stood the old Bastille. Saw a painting of it on the front of a building near by. New market, of which our coachman seemed very proud.

Père La Chaise, quite different from what I expected. Great want of neatness & order. Our guide took us to the principal tombs. The Rothschilds', very plain & unpretending. Rachel's very beautiful but nothing to compare with the beautiful monuments of our own Greenwood. I am very much disappointed. Returned to our dressmaker. Think I shall like her fit. This has been a busy, tiresome day.

Aug. 30th—Friday. Took an early train for Versailles. Cool & pleasant. Our coachman drove us round the place before the palace opened. Shewed us the old building in which the revolution was concocted, also the old prison before which 2000 people were massacred at one time, the Mayor in vain trying to save them. The Imperial vegetable gardens—English church. As you approach the castle, semi-circular building on either side of a broad avenue were once the stables & carriage houses of the King & Queen. The palace is very imposing. The stables accommodated 1000 horses.

We entered near the chapel, a beautiful building, elaborately ornamented—floor of rich marble in mosaic. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were married before the green altar. A suite of small rooms occupied by her and from which she fled from the infuriated mob, are very interesting. They were occupied by Queen Victoria on her recent visit. A singular arrangement of mirrors in an alcove in the drawing room allows a person to see reflected everything but his own eyes. The rooms are very small, with quite low ceilings, very cosy. State rooms are magnificent—Queen's bedroom, reception rooms, private rooms of Louis XIV & XV, bedroom of Louis XIV, and bed on which he died, furnished with the original furniture. Every room lined with pictures. In the upper story are portraits of the noble

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families for generations. Many of them beautiful, particularly the juveniles. One family piece, Marie Antoinette with her three children, touchingly beautiful. Our own loved Washington in early & later life—full size portraits—a number of our distinguished statesmen, N. Bonaparte in different costumes & periods, his two wives; Charlotte Corday, Joan of Arc, a beautiful piece of sculpture by a lady of the royal family. I could have lingered days. I felt dissatisfied with the short time we could devote to these galleries.

The Theatre lighted at great expense on grand occasions, 100,000 francs; first in honor of the marriage of Louis XVI, next at the birth of his son. The Hall of Mirrors, looking out upon the lakes, one of the most beautiful rooms in the world; mirrors on one side, corresponding arched windows on the other. The floors of the whole palace are polished wood, slippery to walk upon. The King & Queen's apartments are magnificently decorated. I have not seen so much beautiful marble since I left Italy.

Saw the Queen of Würtemberg & received a polite bow. She was making a circuit of the rooms in a chair with a lady attendant, in a very unostentatious way. She is very plain, thin and nearsighted. Her dress was of linen, trimmed with black & white braid (yellow linen) a sacque trimmed with black &

white fringe, parasol linen, embroidered color of dress, & *soiled* gloves to match. Round hat of black straw, narrow brim, poppies, wheat & field flowers on the side, with a lace scarf tied behind. I should never have taken her for a queen. We met her again in the park, at the Swiss village, where she put a blue and white woolen plaid circle over her shoulders. Hers was the only vehicle allowed in the park. It was evidently a hack carriage. We asked our driver if she had left & he replied: "Yes, just a few minutes ago." *She is not pretty.*

The gardens about the palace, the fountains, orangery, & care on a magnificent scale. How I should like to see the water play!

Returned late, tired of course, but feeling I had spent one of the pleasantest days since I have been in Paris. Found Ethan's & Mr. Millbank's cards.

31st Saturday. An early call from Ethan & Mr. Millbank. Went shopping with Ethan, bought 4 silk dresses, 3 jars, 2 parasols & two of the loveliest dolls I ever saw. It seems so pleasant to see Mr. Flagg. He met the Lilienthals¹³ at Berne. I hope they will call to see us here. After leaving Ethan I bought my winter hat at Madame —— Cost about \$19. I think I shall like it, also a glove box for Grace Tiles-

¹³Prominent Yonkers family.

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ton.¹⁴ Wish I knew what to take Armenia* & Betsey.¹⁵

E. tried on her dresses. They fit nicely. Met Mr. & Mrs. MacKenzie at Carazzo's; very anxious for us to go to the same hotel in London.

Sept. 1st—Sunday Morning. Expecting dress-maker to try on dresses, not being in when she called last night. Boy just brought gloves purchased yesterday. How strange it seems to be transacting business on Sunday. Ethan has gone to Exposition.

6 o'clock P. M. Just returned from St. Denis. The heat intolerable. Have written Alex today; a dull, stupid letter. Have been much pleased with St. Denis. The old tombs are very curious & some of them really beautiful. The statue of Marie Antoinette the most beautiful thing I ever saw. I returned to it again and again. The glass windows are very rich in color, design & execution. One row of windows has a portrait in each pane of glass. Mass was being celebrated & the rich tones of the organ added to the interest. The Cathedral is undergoing repairs. It will be magnificent when finished. Returning we rode through the new park in which are artificial grottoes, cliffs, &c. In time it will rival Bois

¹⁴A schoolmate of Eva's at the Misses Gibsons' School, New York, afterwards Mrs. Rice of Boston.

*Daughter of William C. Waring (brother to John T. Waring) and Susan Baldwin (sister to J. B. S.). She died of tuberculosis at the age of 17, leaving fragrant memories of a most beautiful character.

¹⁵Mrs. Paddock, later mother of Mrs. Emmet P. Getty and of Mr. Walter Paddock, of Yonkers.

de Boulogne. Mr. & Mrs. MacKenzie called in our absence. We expect Ethan tonight. Dined at *our* restaurant. Mr. Flagg & Mr. Millbank called. Mr. M. leaves tomorrow for London.

September 2nd, 1867—Monday. A perfect levée of work people. Corset woman first. I got 2 pairs. Lace woman, ordered two sets. Dressmaker—mine fits beautifully excepting in length. E. is not satisfied with hers. It does not make up as pretty as I thought it would. Went out to the Sèvres porcelain manufactory. Disappointed at not seeing the manufacture of the articles. Some of the vases are elegant, costing as high as 48 thousand francs apiece. One beautiful pair pleased me very much, pink roses on a dark blue ground. Copies of old pictures on porcelain, one of St. Cecilia—original at Bologna—plates from 30 Francs to 3 or 4 hundred. The museum was quite interesting, containing specimens of almost every country. Some bisque statuettes were very beautiful, particularly some of Marie Antoinette. Commenced raining about 2 o'clock P. M. but cleared off again, affording us an opportunity of visiting the Madeleine, one of the finest churches, I think, in Paris. The exterior is very imposing, with its massive columns, bronze doors, whilst the interior is rich in marbles, statues, paintings, carvings & gildings. The high altar is particularly fine.

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Magdalene borne by angels to heaven, a beautiful piece of sculpture. Everything about the church is impressive and grand.

We went next to the Chappelle Expiatoire, formerly the burial ground of the Madeleine, where Marie Antoinette & her husband were interred immediately after their execution, their bodies covered with lime. We went down underneath the chapel and saw the place where their bodies lay; the lime & earth were collected & put in a marble sarcophagus on the spot. These were removed. At the restoration their bodies were removed to St. Denis. The chapel contains two beautiful monuments of the King & Queen, each supported by an angel. The attitude of the Queen is very striking. On the pedestal are extracts from her last letter to Madame Elizabeth. On the King's, parts of his last will, in gilt letters on black marble.

The surrounding garden is beautifully laid out with standard roses and ivy.

St. Roche, one of the richest churches in Paris. The Empress has a tribune here. Statuary, paintings &c very good.

Dined at *our* restaurant & went to Madame Hurthell to try on my dresses. Am afraid I shall not exactly like them. Rode for a short time on the Boulevards—saw two of the imperial carriages driven to the Hotel Bristol, next door to us, where the Queen

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of Würtemberg is stopping. Am afraid I shall not see the Empress. W. has just written to his father telling him how worried we are about money matters. It seems too bad our enjoyment should be so marred. We have countermanded our orders for the Antwerp silks & shall be relieved from future shopping. I only trust remittances will come in time for us to leave on Monday of next week.

Stayed in tonight to see Mr. Flagg. Disappointed. This has been a very warm day. The rain did not amount to anything.

Sept. 3d, 1867—Tuesday. A very warm, close day. Mr. Flagg called before breakfast. He leaves for Havre at noon & sails tomorrow in the Arago for home. It made me feel right badly to say goodby to him. He will see Alex before I shall. It makes me envious. He has commissioned me to buy a lace shawl for Julia¹⁶ in London. Am glad we did not ask for a loan of money from him, as he is *short*, too. What we are to do I know not. E. got a letter from Ebby this morning. None from Alex.

We breakfasted at the American Restaurant on *fishballs* & buckwheat cakes—very unpretentious, clean & neat—cooking excellent. Lunched there also, on tea, ginger cake, pumpkin pie—it seems quite homelike to hear even the names of these things.

¹⁶Julia Baldwin, Mrs. Ethan Flagg.

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We have visited the Garden of Plants, with its menagerie of animals, some of them very curious & interesting. Nothing new, however, that I had not seen before.

School of Fine Arts—the buildings very beautiful, particularly the court in which are a number of statues, copies of those we saw at Rome: Torso Belvedere, Venus de Medici, Dying Gladiator, etc. In one of the halls a copy of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, in Sistine Chapel, Vatican; also a copy of his Moses. I was right glad to see them again. I enjoyed them more than at first. Two or three rooms are filled with the paintings of the students. A small circular lecture room with the sides covered with paintings of great men—Dante, Raphael, etc. conspicuous. A room of models, portraits, etc. copies of Raphael's Madonnas.

The Palace of the Louvre & Tuileries—more particularly noticed than before how grand in their proportions & architecture. I realize more today than ever the beautiful public buildings on the Quay d'Orsay, Palace of the Legion of Honor, &c. Visited the Chapel of the Duke of Orleans built upon the spot where the house he died in stood. He was the son of Louis Philippe. His death was occasioned by his horses running away in the Champs Élysées. Two ebony clocks in an adjoining building mark the hour of the accident & that of his death, ten minutes

of 12 M. & 12 minutes of 4 P. M. The chapel is of marble finished in black. On the right of the altar is a full length reclining figure of the Duke; at the head a kneeling angel, the work of his sister, executed sometime before the melancholy accident. In the sacristy behind the altar is a large painting representing his death & friends surrounding his bed on the floor of the kitchen of the house to which he was carried, the King & Queen, his brothers, sisters, the Dr. & attendants. It is a touching picture.

On our return to lunch our coachman drove us through the Southern gardens, rich in beautiful flowers, charming in every respect. Also through a new Boulevard of Queen Hortense, the most beautiful private residences I have yet seen.

Drove in the Bois de Boulogne for two or three hours in hopes of meeting the Imperial family. Disappointed. The main avenue was crowded with a motley collection of carriages, &c. The queer looking vehicles & riders created quite a sensation. We were quite democratic in our turnout, but felt as grand as the best. Dined later in *our* restaurant, where a young Englishman made advances to W. They had quite a confab. Got our Roman mosaic pins. They are really quite pretty. After dinner rode to Champs Élysées, where we went to an open air concert. Enjoyed the music exceedingly, a gay, pretty scene. These French people do seem to enjoy

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themselves greatly. Everything quiet & orderly. I like Paris better & better every day.

September 4th—Wednesday. Rose at half past six; breakfasted on a piece of molasses cake brought from American Restaurant & cup of tea. Bound for Fontainebleau—clouds threatening—Wal homesick. Train left depot at 9. In our compartment was an Irish gentleman & his wife, an English lady, & General George. The General made a list of hotels & places of interest for us to visit in England & Ireland. Left them at the little hotel where we breakfasted, as it was raining quite hard and our time more precious than theirs, expecting to meet them later in the Palace. The Palace is, I believe, considered one of the finest, if not the finest; but I think I prefer Versailles. We entered by the Horse-shoe Staircase, at the foot of which Napoleon bade adieu to his soldiers on the 20th of April, 1814. Eleven months later he reviewed the troops he was to lead to Paris. We first saw the Chapel of the Trinity, in which the present Emperor was baptised, built by Francis I. Louis XV was married in it. One gallery is decorated in the panels with plates of Sèvres manufacture—128, on which are painted the principal residences of the Kings of France. Amongst the number were two, one of which represented Niagara, the other Genesee Falls, both exceedingly good.

Gallery of Francis I., a magnificent hall 60 meters in length, the salamander and the letter F. being conspicuous in its decorations.

The apartments of the Queen Dowager, occupied by Pope Pius VII, also by Duchess of Orleans, a magnificent suite of apartments. Walls lined with splendid old tapestries, a number of beautiful presents from the King of Siam to the Emperor in 1861. Bed chamber of Anne of Austria, containing a beautiful portrait of her. In this room Napoleon attempted to wring from the Pope his consent to the concordat, by which he renounced temporal power.

Were next shown the present Emperor's rooms, one leading into the bathroom lined with Venetian mirrors, ceiling & sides adorned with arabesques, out of which opens the cabinet particular where the Emperor signed his abdication. The little round table is still there. His bedchamber, the bed still there. A rock crystal chandelier costing 100,000 francs. Adjoining are the rooms of the Empress, formerly occupied by Marie Antoinette, the window fastenings decorated with wreathes of wrought iron by Louis XVI, an adept in mechanical art. Next this is the Empress' bedchamber, the curtains and furniture a present from the city of Lyons to Marie Antoinette. It has been also used by Marie Louise & Amelia, late Queen of the French. Two beautiful modern chairs

of buff leather, Eugénie's & the Prince Imperial's. A magnificent porcelain Sèvres table.

From these chambers a few steps lead to the Galerie de Diane, nearly 100 meters long, completed by Louis XVIII. Ceiling & side panels magnificently painted, beautiful vases of Sèvres manufacture; at present the library, the most beautiful room I have seen anywhere. View from the windows very fine.

Another suite of royal apartments rich in carving, gilding, tapestries, &c. An old priest amused us very much with his exclamations of "The riches of the riches." The chimney pieces are very singular & very elaborate. The ball room, built by Henry II to please his Mistress, Diane de Poitiers, a magnificent room. Madame de Maintenon's rooms, 4 at present—the Princess Mathilde's in one of which Louis XIV signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Small chapel, glass windows designed by Princess Mary, daughter of Louis Philippe, used for the celebration of mass by Pius VII.

The rain prevented our examining the gardens thoroughly but what we saw of them was fine, old fashioned style, flowers bright & beautiful. Rode through a part of the forest. Rain somewhat interfered with our comfort. Got out of the carriage at the urgent request of driver & guide & walked over a rough road to see some wonderful rocks, the famed weeping one being of the number. Wet & uncom-

fortable. Our driver pointed out the oldest tree of the forest, 1500 years old, also the Prince Imperial's tree, a large & not too particularly fine one. The most wonderful of all was two trees (beech) joined together by a branch, some 20 feet from the bottom, perfect Siamese Twins. I was delighted with the forest. Should like to have spent more time there. Returned just in time to take the train for Paris, where we arrived about 7 P. M. pretty well tired out. I had expected Mrs. Lilienthal would call but she has not.

September 5th—Thursday. Rainy morning. Different ordered things arriving—finances low. My hat just arrived & Wal's paper. Both he & E. out, I helpless as a baby. I will try hard to master a few sentences of French. If we don't get letters from Pa today with a remittance, what will we do? I would not be hired to spend another two weeks in Paris like the last. I cannot enjoy Paris under present circumstances. W. just returned. *No letter.*

Visited the tomb of Napoleon & Hotel des Invalides. How nice such an institution would be at home! Everything neat & orderly. The old soldiers looking nicely in blue uniforms. Visited the kitchens, dining halls, library and committee rooms. Bought Eva a black silk dress & took it to dress-maker's—also a blue walking dress at the ——

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Miss Hoyt called in our absence.

Sept. 6th, 1867—Friday. Wal met Mr. Anstice¹⁷ & his son and brought them in to see us. It was right pleasant to see them & we had a good talk. As we are out of money we have little to do. I am fearfully worried & if we do not get a letter tomorrow—

E. & I walked out to the milliner's & selected two hats for her. Our funds must surely come tomorrow. It has been raining and a disagreeable day. Put on our waterproofs and went out to dine, after which went to the vaudeville theatre. Did not enjoy it much as I cannot understand the language.

Sept. 7th—Saturday. Little purchases coming in, thereby reducing our small stock of money. No letter this morning excepting from Eb, good fellow that he is! How his letters cheer one up in spite of everything! Our landlady came in to know if we would move into other rooms, as she wanted to rent these to another party. I told her through E., No, I preferred to remain where we are at an advance price. I will not go till I get ready. In the afternoon, the landlord brought some ladies to look at our rooms, and said: You will leave on Wednesday. I told E. to say it depended on circumstances. We can't if we don't get money.

¹⁷A vestryman of St. John's Church, Yonkers; grandfather of Mrs. Richard W. Bogart, Jr.

Rode a little while in Bois de Boulogne. Met the Hoyts. Hope they did not see us, as we were in a forlorn old hack. Dined as usual. Found on our return from dinner Miss Hoyt had called again in our absence. It seems fated that she & E. will never meet. Spent the evening in consultations as to what we will do. I am almost wild.

Sept. 8th—Sunday. E. & I went to the English church. Saw Dr. Gould from Rome there. Should like to have spoken to him, but E. not feeling well, we left just as they commenced the first hymn & left the Dr. singing Rock of Ages with all his might. Spent a little time furbishing up my old hat this morning. Bought new strings last night. Need a new one but can't afford it. I cried this morning—I could not help it—so forlorn & neglected did I feel, and yet I know it is not intentional on Alex's part, only *careless*—but if he knew how we are situated! Have just written him a letter. Have a great mind not to send it, but E. & W. want me to.

The day is warm & pleasant. E. just called on Miss H. Not in. They are playing a dodge game. Walked in the Tuileries Gardens, filled with well dressed people, little boys sailing their miniature ships & frigates in the large fountain. Emperor & family left last night—given up all hope of seeing them. Dined at Carrezza's. Mr. Anstice spent the

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evening with us. Miss Hoyt called and at last she & E. have had a good time, judging from the way their tongues ran.

Mr. A's lively manner is quite cheering. I had a great mind to ask him for a loan, but am ashamed to.

Sept. 9th—Monday. Awoke feeling very anxious. Have the faintest hope we may get a letter to-day. E. sent a note to her dressmaker not to send her dress home till she saw her,—nothing to pay the bill with. Landlady quite supercilious in her manner, bringing in parties to see the apartments, saying: Of course you leave on Wednesday. Eva's friend Miss VanKordon called with her mother to see the rooms—quite a surprise to both. Miss Hoyt came in early this morning to spend an hour or so with E. Very much annoyed, also amused, at the number of persons calling to show their wares. Letters and cards pouring in from all quarters. Little they know how poor we are! No letter again today. W. telegraphed to Liverpool, hoping it may be there. Bought a trunk & commenced packing. Tomorrow morning we will pawn our watches if no letter comes. Dinner at our restaurant. Poor. Shan't go there again. Trouble never comes alone. We thought to have continued our dinners till the last there. I feel like a condemned criminal, anxiously awaiting a reprieve. When morning comes I wish

it were night, & at night I wish it were morning. I don't feel as if I could stand this much longer. W. too looks troubled & eats little.

Sept. 10th—Tuesday. Madame Hurthell came and packed our dresses. Linen women & velvet cloaks pouring in upon us. Mr. Anstice and Josiah called to know if we would go on Wednesday, as they would like to go at the same time. Had to tell him of our inability to leave Paris for want of money. Hoped he would offer to lend us some. Perhaps he has none to spare. Breakfasted at 11½, weary in mind & body. W. gone to the bankers. If he does not get a letter today, our watches must go. What are we to do? Tomorrow we must leave here. W. just returned. No letter. A month, nearly, since Pa sent our last \$500. & the expenses of living here very great. What can he be thinking of? I am almost crazy. W. is just going to see what he can raise on our watches. Did I ever think I should come to this? It is cruel in Pa to serve us so.

1 o'clock P. M. As nervous as I can be. W. & E. dreading to go—I dreading to have them. There is no alternative. No one need *envy us our pleasure in Paris*. W. & E. just returned with 465 francs—all he could raise on three watches & chains, 4 bracelets. It seems very little & will just pay our hotel bill, move us to Grand Hotel & leave us 15 dollars

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for any little expense we may incur. We have written to Alex just how we are situated. This has been one of the gloomiest days I ever remember. W. went out & got his dinner; E. & I dined on some *crackers & a few grapes*. Tomorrow we leave here. Have been packing & unpacking, restless & uneasy all day.

11th—Wednesday Morning. Will today bring any relief? What a life we are leading here! It is unpardonable in Alex to allow such a state of things to happen. If any accident should happen to us or should we be sick, what could we do? I never felt more humiliated. If anyone wants to *enjoy* Paris he must have more money than we have had at any time since we have been here. I would not be *hired* to go through with it again.

12 noon. Just arrived at Grand Hotel where we walked, preceding our baggage in a hand cart. Our hotel bill and servants fees—as small as we could make them—paid, leaving us a balance of *36 francs and a few centimes. No letter again this morning. What can it mean? Can anything have happened at home? Is Alex sick? I feel so miserably weak and nervous today. Our rooms here, the only ones to be had, are pleasant but expensive, 75 francs for a parlor with two beds for E. & me and a small single room and wash room opening out of it.

*Then about seven dollars.

The Lilienthals are here, but I don't want to see them or anyone else I have ever seen before. My travelling dress is worn out and I can't bear to put on my new walking dress, for then I shall not have anything to wear when I get home. I feel really sorry for the children. They bear up remarkably well but I can see it is having its effect upon them. E. has been complaining of headache for two or three days & her foot is quite sore from a bite, so she cannot wear her shoes with any comfort. I suppose we can stay here a week without paying our bill. At the expiration of that time God alone knows what we are to do. I feel as if I could not bear up much longer.

E. has just discovered that the contents of her bag is saturated with aromatic vinegar. The *crackers* for our dinner were in it. E. & W. have so far proved themselves equal to the emergency, planning & calculating our small resources. I think W. had better go to the house* he had a letter from Stewart to, & tell them our situation, but the daily hope of a *remittance* makes us unwilling to publish our necessities. Never will I leave home again *trusting to anyone*. It has been nothing but *mean* economy ever since we arrived in Paris, such as no one at home *would* practice. Nothing now to do but look out and study

*Paris connection of the house of A. T. Stewart, selling-agents for Mr. Smith in New York.

the architecture of the opera house. We shall miss our cheerful, airy rooms, but am not sorry to change, feeling like Mrs. Harris that a change of troubles is better than *no change*. W. has ventured to ask for three dinner tickets & has returned quite exultant with them, so we prepare with heavy hearts to go down.

Our dinner was excellent—tables crowded. Between 6 & 7 hundred people dining at the same time. Sat in the reading room until half past nine listening to the animated conversation round me. Their pockets cannot be empty, for I am quite sure *I* could not talk to my best friend. I was glad to get in my room again & to bed. Will tomorrow bring relief?

Sept. 12th—Thursday. Tried to lie in bed as long as possible. To sleep is out of the question. We delay our breakfast as long as possible knowing we can have nothing more till the table d'hôte dinner at 6 P. M. Walked out to the American restaurant and ordered codfish cakes, tea and coffee. Were told the cakes were all gone. Consulted about what would cost the least, ordered buckwheat cakes for three, coffee for W. and tea for E. & me. Paid 7 francs and a half. Tomorrow we will all take coffee as it is cheaper. I felt right sorry for Wal. He missed his steak & potatoes, I know. Returning, we stopped at the bankers. No letter. The Lilienthals were break-

fasting at a restaurant on the boulevard near our table. They rose and seemed glad to see us. They leave tomorrow and are going home directly. How I envy them! We expect to see them before they leave. Have been talking together whether I had not better ask them for a loan. I am dreadfully afraid of being refused. W. went again to the bankers this afternoon & brought an Evening Post from Pa with a long article about the French cafés and restaurants. How tantalizing, when we have not sufficient to pay for one dinner at any one of them! We may have to wait till Monday for any letters from Liverpool, if any be there, which the reception of the paper today makes me doubt. If the Lilienthals call tonight I will try and screw up my courage. I dread it, but what are we to do? We can get but two or three more breakfasts of the simplest kind and then our fund is exhausted. Never did I in the whole course of my life have such an experience. The days seem as if they never would come to an end. 4¹/₂ P. M. E. on one sofa, W. on the other, hungry, cross & desponding, waiting the dinner hour. As for me, I can truly say I feel faint for food & this excitement is almost unendurable. Could I be assured nothing had happened at home I should feel better, but visions of sickness, death, fire and I know not what, are continually before me. This, added to the fear of our hotel bill being presented & demanded, makes

me truly wretched. My hopes have been dashed so often now that I fear to hope again for tomorrow. W. is consulting the clock (for watches we have none) wondering whether he can hold out. To dress to go down to dinner, with this burden upon me, seems more than I am equal to and yet I must, or *starve*. What can have led to these results? It really seems as if some evil spirit was ruling our destinies. Can there be a darker hour than the present, ere the dawn? Oh, Alex, if it is carelessness on your part you deserve never to be forgiven—better never to have sent us away than treat us so! 9½ P. M. E. & I had just undressed & I in bed when Mrs. Lilienthal and Susie called to see us. They leave in the morning at 9 o'clock. She had just come in. She stayed a long time, & we had a real nice talk of what we had done & seen. She little guessed how heavy our hearts were. I ventured to hint at our situation, when she said they had been similarly situated and she proposed to Mr. L. to ask assistance of a friend, but he said he would not lay himself under obligations of that kind to anyone, frightening me entirely out of asking the loan I had decided upon. I thought she would have offered assistance, as I told her how nervous it made me to be so situated. I was hopeful even to the last she would, but was disappointed. She kissed me at parting. I should have liked ten dollars better.

Sept. 13th—Friday. Awoke this morning feeling far from well. Glad to find I had slept till 8 o'clock, having awakened every morning before six for some time. How I wished I could go to sleep again! I felt perfectly listless. E. & W. went out to the American restaurant & got their 4 buckwheat cakes & cup of coffee. They were very unwilling to go without me but I did not dare tell them that I went without my breakfast, in case I might need the money more for medicine. I am fearful of another attack such as I had when I was obliged to call Dr. Ball. I kept perfectly quiet, ate two or three mouthfuls of a rool they brought me, & at 3 P. M. ordered a cup of tea and small steak, as much for their sakes as my own. I know they were both hungry. My breakfast served for breakfast and dinner for me, and a slight lunch for them. If there is a more wretched trio in the house than ourselves I pity them. I have detected E. several times in tears. W. bears up tolerably well. I think he too gives way when alone. Sometimes he says something funny and we try to laugh, but if anyone else should ever attempt to make a joke of it I feel I should perfectly *hate* them. If we only had a little money so that we could go out & amuse ourselves, but we have not even the price of admission to the Exposition. I have not been out of our room today & E. & W. only to breakfast & dinner. I think I can understand the

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feeling that leads to suicide. I never in my life excepting on two occasions felt so utterly *miserable*. If I only knew the money would come soon, but the *uncertainty* is trying beyond anything I ever experienced. The dressmaker Madame Hurthell sent her bill today. E. was obliged to write and tell her we could not pay it till we receive money. How humiliating this is! How long is it to last? Perhaps the mail has been lost at sea. In that case, what are we to do? Without money, without friends.

This has been a rainy day, making it still more gloomy.

September 14th, 1867—Saturday. Clear and bright. Lay in bed till after ten o'clock, when we rose & dressed & went out to the American Restaurant to breakfast. We decided upon a cheap breakfast of fish balls & bread, but as all our plans seem, by some mysterious agency, to be frustrated, found they were all gone excepting two, which were ordered for me. I could see a struggle going on in W's mind. After ordering buckwheats for E. & himself, hunger predominated, & with flushed face he ordered a small steak which he shared with E. We breakfasted sumptuously and actually *left* a cold buckwheat. Our last gold piece went down. W. went to the bankers, E. & I waited outside for him. How my heart bounded when I saw a letter in his hand. It sank again when I found it was not from Alex but

Ebby, dear good boy that he is to remember us so often! W. strolled along looking in the windows too dispirited to speak. Seems to me I never felt such a sense of misery & desolation before. It is making me sick. I feel as if I could not bear it much longer. We walked to the Louvre, looked at the statuary, examined the Venus of Milo, a comparatively recent discovery. Much more beautiful in my estimation than the Venus de Medici. The arms are wanting. The face is perfect, attractive, graceful. Lower part of the body draped. There seems to be less modesty here than in Rome, such a display of naked forms, not even the leaf, which is so common in Italy. Ladies & gentlemen walking about admiring & criticizing, perfectly at ease. The pictures are very beautiful; some exquisite landscapes & sea pieces of Claude Lorraine's, so entirely in Alex's style—carried my thoughts homeward to him. Little he imagines how wretched we are for the want of a little ready money! Resting frequently to economize the strength to take us home, a long walk and no money to hire a cab, cheap as they are here. As we were returning, went through a narrow street to shorten the way, as the clouds looked threatening. Saw a crowd collected at a corner. A little girl about 8 or 10 years old had fainted from some cause. She was alone & a bundle of something that looked like old clothes by her side. How my heart yearned to—

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ward the little thing! How I wanted to do something for her, but my ignorance of her language prevented me from even enquiring into the case. A kind motherly looking woman was offering her water, when we walked away. A lesson—some one still more wretched than we. Perhaps she was exhausted for want of food, poor little thing. God will care for her. I will trust Him, too. Perhaps my pride needed humiliation.

Ebby's letter told us of Mrs. Hobbs' death, the fourth since we left. God grant Death may not enter our loved circle ere we return. Miss Jones also is near her end, and doubtless ere now at rest.

We dined table d'hôte, after which W. went out to walk. I stayed in the salon with E. who was reading the papers. I almost envied the happiness of those around, in cheerful animated conversation. I longed to be in my room, to hide my anxious, troubled face, but am glad she is interested & wants to remain. Not a familiar face amongst the crowds here, & if there were, doubt whether I could muster courage to tell them our situation. We will wait till Tuesday. If relief does not come then, God knows what we shall do. Have concluded to breakfast in our room tomorrow, to keep the few francs for a greater emergency.

Sept. 15th—Sunday Morning. We had expected

to have accomplished more than half our sight seeing in London ere this. How hard it is to submit to our fate, feeling we are wasting both time and money here! We shall not probably see Ireland now. I feel sorry for the children. How strange it seems that Alex has not written! Surely want of time is a poor excuse for his short letters.

Ordered two breakfasts in our room, I lying in bed to give the appearance of illness as an excuse for not going down to the restaurant, as is customary, but where you have to pay for what you order. After the waiter left, W. came out of his room and shared it with us. How mean it makes one feel! I imagine the waiters suspect our poverty.

E. has gone to church, the French church nearby, without even a penny for the plate. W. is reading on the sofa & I am trying to wile away the day by telling my journal all my troubles. I have made several efforts to write to Eb but cannot. My mind is too harassed.

7 $\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. I have not been out of my room to-day. E. & W. went to table d'hote. I had my dinner in my room with a cup of tea. I am not at all well. Excitement & worry & irregular meals do not agree with me. I have been writing to Ebbie—a stupid letter—I don't feel like writing. It has wiled away the time and made the day seem less long. I do hope we shall get a letter tomorrow. We have not even

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the satisfaction of *sending* letters for the want of money to get stamps. I have been reading Bitter Sweet, a poem Willie Corne¹⁸ gave Eva when we left home. It has interested me very much. The workmen have been busy working on the opera house all day. How strange it seems! Can it be possible they have no rest? The shops too are open as on week days. How much better our system is!

September 16th—Monday. E. & W. went out to breakfast on the usual four cakes. I concluded to remain in bed and do without. Tomorrow we shall be obliged to get our breakfast here in our room. How anxiously I awaited their return! They came back with a letter which made my heart bound, only to sink again in the lowest depths. A letter for W. telling him the next steamer would bring a letter to Liverpool with a remittance. Not one line for me—nearly three weeks since I had a letter. Surely *want of time* cannot be the only excuse. Oh, Alex, if you knew how badly this makes me feel! What we have already endured & what we have still to endure for the want of a little money was surely enough without this. This delay in sending the funds which he had (awaiting a hundred pounds more to send with it) keeps us here in this almost unendurable condition a week longer. We have given up seeing Ireland

¹⁸Mr. William Corne, of Cambridge, brother to Miss Fanny and Miss Linda Corne.

& shall see but little of England or Scotland. Our bill is due tonight, then another mortification awaits us. We have nothing more to pawn which will bring us even a few francs, but our diamond rings & I am very unwilling to part with them. My long coveted bracelet will be associated with so many unpleasant things, I fear I shall never want to wear it. What a mistake Alex has made in sending our funds in dribb-lets! Better far to have given us all he expected us to spend at once & let us manage it for ourselves; then these unpleasant results would not have occurred. Until we depended upon him we never lost a day, were subject to no delays, and traveled with as little expense as possible. Now his money is worse than wasted. Last night I dreamed E. & I were to be guillotined & went through all the *horrors* of the *last night* preceding our execution. When I awoke, the first thought that presented itself was, our condition might be worse. This thought comforted me a little. The weather is getting quite cool—fall-like & makes me long for home & a cheerful fireside. I want a warm hat & dress for traveling but am afraid I shall not dare get it.

Sept. 17th., 1867 — Tuesday. Ordered our breakfast in our room for E. & me, I pretending to be sick. W. came in and partook of it with us. He has nothing to get it with elsewhere & we are

ashamed to have the servants see him eating in our bedroom, so we make two breakfasts do for three people. E. & I took a long walk to pass away the time, on the Champs Élysées. The air is cool & pleasant—just the weather for sight seeing, if we had the means. We walked nearly to the Arch and returning walked through the Tuileries gardens & home. Sat a while in the salon and came upstairs. How long the days are! W. has not been out. He is reading, poor fellow. I know he is hungry, for I am. The fruit, confectionery & cake shops look so tempting! I manage to secrete my pear at dessert in my pocket, which I give the children. It's all they get between breakfast and dinner, & such meagre breakfasts as we get!

Little sparrows in the Tuileries gardens—so tame they ate from the hand of a man who fed them. It was pleasant to see them perch on his finger and catch the crumbs in the air which he threw them.

Sept. 18, 1867—Wednesday Morning. Cloudy morning. E. has gone to see Miss Hoyt at Hotel Bristol. A woman has just been here with gloves, worsted caps, &c. How she got my name I cannot imagine. We may look for a regular army now. 10 o'clock A. M. W. & I waiting for E. to come home and order breakfast. A woman called to see if Madame Smith wanted a *lady's maid*. Gloomy, rainy



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day—can't go out. Two letters, one from Pa to me and one for W.—no money. The notes were sent and have gone astray—what luck! Nothing remains now but to go to Stewart's house. I feel as if the last drop was added. It seems as if the darkest hour must be at hand. Can we endure more of misery & suspense? We are all as gloomy as we can be. I have been trying to write to Ebbie but have no heart for anything.

Sept. 19—Thursday. Sorrow may continue for a while, but joy cometh in the morning! I experienced the full meaning of this passage this morning when W. & I went out to call and ask assistance of Stewart's house. Stopping at the banker's, more as a morning custom than in expectation of getting a letter, W. came out, his face radiant, & I felt as if I could dance in the street. We did so hate to go to Stewart, W. particularly. We rushed back to give E. the good news. How strange it seemed to order a carriage again. We felt like somebody again & could hold up our heads. We soon paid our debts, made purchases, & packed. Eva's dress not being finished, we are compelled to wait till Saturday ere we leave. I have given Eva a beautiful scarf for her birthday present. We have not time to get a cloak now or anything else that requires time to select.

We dined at a restaurant in the Palais Royal—quite like old times again. W. is full of fun—how

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differently we all feel today. E. & I bought some beautiful flowers at Tillman's.

Sept. 20, 1867—Friday. Busy till 10¹/₂ packing & repacking, after which we went out to the American Restaurant to get some buckwheat cakes, fishballs, &c. I think Carlton Gates came in there for breakfast, but as I am not good at recognizing faces did not like to speak. I am almost certain it was he. Bought Romp a collar for four francs. Purchased some laces & changed my parasol cover. Cannot find anything to suit me in a traveling suit. Everything is light or gay, not in my style. Lost my veil & patience. I am tired of Paris shopping. Met Miss Ripley¹⁹ in a store. I looked so shabby I was ashamed to see her. She was purchasing laces, parasol covers, &c. Bought a little sacque for Willie²⁰ & a doll for Stella²¹ & some little doll's things for future presents. Miss Hoyt is with Eva, & W. has gone to send our trunks, two of which we have packed for home. I have just finished a letter to Ebbie & should like to answer Sallie's²² which I got day before yesterday, together with one from Willie. It is raining hard, accompanied with thunder & lightning, of which we have had but little this summer. I am glad

¹⁹A schoolmate of Eva's at the Gibson School.

²⁰William Baldwin, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Baldwin.

²¹Daughter of Jonathan Smith and niece of Alexander Smith.

²²Mrs. Ebenezer Baldwin.

to leave Paris. If ever I should visit it again I hope I may have a pleasanter time than I have had this.

I have bought for myself in Paris 4 dresses, 2 lace shawls, 1 lace parasol cover, 1 satin one, 1 Valenciennes set, 1 needle work set, two common set, $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. hdkfs, Valenciennes for one, 3 pairs of slippers, 2 pairs of shoes, 2 bonnets, hoops, 1 common pin, $1\frac{1}{2}$ doz. gloves, 1 India shawl, some flowers.

Dined at table d'hôte, after which Wal & I went out & bought a work box & to get air.

Sept. 21st. 1867—Saturday. We rose at 6 o'clock—a cloudy morning—took a light breakfast in the restaurant & left for the station. Train left about 8. It cleared off & we had a pleasant day & delightful ride through a level country. As we neared Calais, got some glimpses of the sea-coast looking not unlike Long Island shore. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ went on board the little steamer and in an hour & a half came in view of the cliffs of Dover which looked beautiful. Also the fortifications on the hills. The sea was very calm, notwithstanding it made me feel very uncomfortable, almost seasick. E. was obliged to lie down on the seat, W. stood it better than any of us. We went from steamer immediately to cars, which we shared with three German gentlemen. I am not disappointed in my first impressions of England. It looked just as I expected it would.

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Got a glimpse of the Cathedral at Canterbury. How we wished for time to stay a day there! It looked so interesting with its fine buildings & ruins. One old place with spacious lawns, where a party of ladies & gentlemen were playing croquet, looked quite home-like. We passed through a beautiful rooling country, highly cultivated, large fields of hops which were being picked, affording a scene somewhat like the hay-making in the Tyrol. Quantities of brick yards. Elms not as large or drooping as ours—willows & evergreens in large quantities. How beautiful they looked, isolated, in groves or forests! Not clipped, twisted or deformed after the French & Italian manner, but *natural*. I felt at once quite at home & expect to enjoy England exceedingly. We got to the London station about 7 P. M., had our luggage examined. E. & I waited in a little room where was a coal fire, looking quite fall-like. I do not find my heavy winter sacque too warm. Wal paid 3 shillings 6 pence duty on our cologne. Drove to Langham Hotel, got two rooms in 3d story at \$3. a day. They afford quite a contrast to our Parisian rooms. They are very plainly furnished but pleasant, looking out on Portland place. Had a kind of a dinner in the coffee room—beef for E. and sweetbread for W. & me, potato & green peas, raw tomatoes, *ale*, & ice cream, perfectly flavorless. Walked out to see the city, expecting to go into Regent Street, but went in

a contrary direction amongst the market stalls, etc. W. has been quite morose and is not agreeable in those moods, so our walk was but little better than remaining in the hotel. The principal stores were closed. We retired tired, and slept soundly.

Sept. 22—Sunday. Rose at 7 and looked out upon a regular London fog. It has been raining in the night & everything looks disagreeable enough. We dressed & breakfasted in the coffee room on chops, cold lamb, pickles, toast & muffins. I have not eaten so hearty a breakfast in a great while. Drove to Westminster Abbey, an imposing old building. Service intoned, singing & music good. You are not allowed to examine the building on Sundays, so we came out immediately after service. I cannot enjoy an intoned service & enjoyed in a tenfold degree the services at Chamounix in the little simple church. As I could not hear, I looked at the monuments near by me. Murray's was at my right, full size venerable looking old man with Law and Justice on either side.

We drove through Trafalgar Square on our return. The names of the streets, squares, courts, &c seem familiar from having read so often of them.

It is clearing & the sun coming out, 1 o'clock P. M. I suppose Londoners would call this a beautiful day. Had a lunch of head-cheese & ale, which reminded me of Montreal & St. Lawrence Hotel. E. &

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I got in a hansom & rode to St. James' church, Piccadilly, considered the masterpiece of Christopher Wren's architecture. The service was well read but the sermon mumbled in such a manner, it was anything but satisfactory. Walked home & stopped at All Souls' church, opposite the hotel, just in time for the sermon. A very good practical sermon, in school-boy style, by a person whose articulation & manner reminded us thoroughly of *Painter*.

Everything seems quiet & Sunday-like here—a perfect contrast to Paris. The sun is shining but the atmosphere is heavy. The streets are very clean.

W. looks so shabby in his old clothes I am ashamed of him & myself also. In the evening we went to St. Andrews', a very high church, where the service was intoned. Singing very good but to me not at all devotional—more like a Roman service—church crowded.

Sept. 23d — Monday. Unpleasant morning. Went shopping. Ordered a dress & cloak. E. got sacque, cloak, &c. Got Irish lace coiffures. W. ordered his clothes. Took a cab & drove round London, taking in a general view. Returned late, took a little soup & went to Haymarket Theatre to see *Romeo & Juliet*, the latter character by Mrs. Scott Siddons. Had our dinner after we returned, at 12 M. Mrs. Siddons' acting very fine.

Sept. 24—Tuesday. Commenced sight-seeing systematically, after riding around two or three hours to find our banker & get some money—then to the Tower, where I was very much interested. In the Beauchamp tower, saw the name of Jane written in the wall by Lady Jane Grey or her husband, the place where she was beheaded, the block, axe, &c used at the executions. Armory ancient, very interesting. Also the City arms, disposed in all shapes & devices, flowers, etc. General James Wolfe's cloak worn at Quebec, various relics of the past, the stairs under which were found the bones of the young Princes, sons of Edward IV, the window of the room in which they were so inhumanly murdered.

St. Paul's—where we climbed to the dome—went in the Whispering Galery, and the Hall of the Geometrical Staircase. It was too smoky to get much of a view of the city. Drove to Westminster Abbey. Service was being held, & we returned to the hotel, stopping by the way in Regent Street, purchasing two large umbrellas, one for Pa & one for W., one for myself, a parasol for E. & had mine newly covered. Dined in the coffee room. It is cold but clear & pleasant. In the crypt of St. Paul's is the tomb of the Duke of Wellington, Nelson, Sir Christopher Wren. The funeral car of Wellington is there, just as it was used to convey his body to the tomb.

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Went to Drury Lane Theatre, the oldest in London. Faust was played, Marguerite's character excellently represented. Scenery beautiful. It is a very pretty theatre. I enjoyed it very much. I helped to wind the clock in the Tower of St. Paul's.

Sept. 25—Wednesday. Did not get out as early as we expected to. My dress came just as we were going down to breakfast. The morning is quite cool, but pleasant. Went first to Westminster Abbey; a strong desire of my girlhood gratified. I was not disappointed in it. It is one of the finest churches we have seen, grand & beautiful in its proportions, full of monumental marble, the tombs of Kings & Queens of ancient times, well preserved & very interesting. Mary Stuart's, a beautiful piece of sculpture. I could have lingered for hours and was not at all satisfied with our hasty walk through.

National Museum—collection of minerals very fine & exquisitely beautiful. The shells interested me very much, as well as the corals, some magnificent specimens. A very large library & large circular reading room, lighted by a dome & row of large windows round the top. We had a special permit to visit it. Lunched in the building. Met Mr. Webb L. Bertram. Then, collection of autographs of kings, queens & celebrities—the prayer book used by Lady Jane Grey on the scaffold. In the afternoon rode in

Hyde Park, which I was rather disappointed in. It is not nearly so fine as the French parks. Drove through the squares, Hanover, Grosvenor, Eaton, &c. 10 o'clock P. M. Just returned from seeing Madame Tussaud's waxwork—wonderfully true to nature.

Sept. 26—Thursday. Rose early to go to Hampton Court. Walked down Regent Street that W. might go to Pool's and order his overcoat. He left E. & me standing waiting for him on a corner. E. took a fancy to go back to get some music and I was to await her return. Looking at the windows, we missed each other. I waited & waited for them and finally returned to the hotel quite out of patience. It seems we can never get an early start for anything. We are today treated to a dense London fog. You cannot see half a block from you. It is very disagreeable and I think must be unhealthy. At last we got started about 12½ for Hampton Court. It is a fine old building. The gardens are the finest we have seen, not excepting Versailles. There are about 40 or 50 titled ladies residing there now. We threaded the maze and walked a little in Bushey Park. A little boy gave me three horse chestnuts from one of the large old trees. I shall try and raise a tree from them. Returned in time for a hasty dinner and to go to a concert at Covent Garden theatre; music fine & I en-

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joyed it very much. The fog seems confined to London. At Hampton Court it was bright & pleasant. We lunched at a little inn the other side of the Bridge.

Sept. 27th—Friday morning. Met Miss King in the coffee room. She advises us to go to Sydenham. W. after breakfast went to bankers for letters. E. & I to Zoological Gardens to meet at 11 o'clock at Langham's. W. did not return till 1 1/2, with a letter from Pa & a telegram telling us of the funds sent. He was evidently alarmed at our situation. Late as it was we took train for Sydenham and had a delightful afternoon. Met Miss King in the coffee room and had a nice talk with her. She has just returned from Ireland & Scotland & as usual gave us a great deal of information. Packed & repacked our trunks trying to make room for W's things; was obliged to put them in a box and take them with us to Dublin.

Sept. 28—Saturday. A cloudy, foggy morning. Rose at 5 A. M. breakfasted & drove to station to take 7 1/4 train for Holly Head. A very interesting looking Irish lady, young. I should like to have had some conversation with her, but the children are so reserved. Wal acts like a perfect boor in the cars, mortifying me exceedingly. The country through which we passed was very beautiful with its fine

large trees and thorn hedges. We passed through the center of the coal district. At Crew, were large collections of cars, roads radiating in all directions. Took steamer, a large fine one, at Holly Head, to cross the channel. A great rush for berths, mattresses & pillows. I got on a shelf in the cabin, E. on a sofa in the upper saloon. It was not rough but some were very sick. I lying on my back was not at all uncomfortable. W. went to sleep in the gentlemen's cabin. We all went on deck to catch the first glimpse of the Irish coast. Our fellow passenger in the cars told me if it had been less cloudy the sunset would have been well worth seeing, as they were very fine. The mountains & hills are not very high but beautifully rounded & pointed. Got to Kingstown about 6½. We were pretty well loaded up with parcels, bundles, bags, &c. hungry & tired, having had nothing but a sandwich & some cakes since our early breakfast. A ride of six miles brought us to the Shelbourne Hotel, the largest & newest. At Kingstown were a number of very pretty cottages, it being probably a resort for bathers. Everything looks Irish; the jaunting cars are quite different from what I expected to see. Got rooms on the third floor, went up in lift after great bustle & confusion, screaming, etc. When I said I did not like to go so high up, Paddy, who managed the concern, said I was blessed that I got even on the third floor, for a day ago I should

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have been obliged to go to the fifth or sixth; and when asked how it was operated, said by steam. Most everything is done by steam here. I was of the same opinion after I had eaten my dinner, an Irish imitation of a French table d'hôte. We retired early and slept soundly. One could not mistake being in old Ireland—everything is so Irish.

Sept. 29th—Sunday. A cold, raw, blustering day. Our breakfast not very satisfactory. Veal cutlet, tolerable, beef for E. tough, omelet uneatable, muffins, so-so, attendance poor. After breakfast took a jaunting-car and went out to see the city. Our driver furnished by the hotel man, who gave him a list of places and things to shew us. Lord Mayor's residence, old Parliament House, now Bank of Ireland, churches, Nelson's monument, better proportioned than the one in London. Daniel O'Connell's statue, in front of the court house, the site of the monument that is to be erected to him, the house he lived in, in Merrior Square. Fitz William Square and street, all dwelling houses of the aristocracy now closed, owners being at the watering places, Bray, Corning, etc. The house of the Duke of Leinster, Ireland's only duke, is now sold to the Royal Society of Dublin. Front & court very beautiful, park in the rear in which two more large buildings have been built by the Society for museums. Could not get

in the horticultural or zoological gardens till after 2 o'clock. Went into Prospect Cemetery, very extensive & kept in excellent order. Quite a contrast to Père la Chaise. A clever old Irishman shewed us about & got the keeper to open the tomb of Daniel O'Connell. The coffin is a very beautiful one covered with crimson velvet, now faded, covered with fresh flowers and evergreens renewed every week. His remains have been there a little over twenty years. I went inside on invitation of the old man and took a sprig from the coffin, of green arbor-vitæ, it being, as he said, the *lastingest*. The monuments are very pretty and particularly about his tomb, it being the aristocratic part of the grounds. Sunday being a favorite day for interments and the rule that all bodies should be within the gates by 12, or remain unburied until the following morning, brought a large number of funerals about the time we were there, 11½. Our driver told us sometimes the road was completely blocked up with them. Married persons in hearses covered with black feathers, unmarried with white, drivers, postilions and the occupants alike wearing white scarfs and weepers. Some of the occupants of carriages had their heads entirely enveloped in white. It was a novel sight. We drove next to Phenix Park, nine miles around. Kept in much better condition than Hyde Park, London. Filled with deer. It contains

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the summer residence of the Lord Lieutenant, Viceroyal Lodge; also of the first and second secretaries. The wife of the former preceding the present Lord Nice, was Lady Walgrave, a very fashionable person who spent thirty thousand pounds yearly of her own income in entertaining, making everything gay and lively. Some fine military schools, a great variety of scenery, large parade ground. Monument to Duke of Wellington, which they call the overgrown milestone, a pyramid of stone and mortar quite unornamental. He does not appear to be so much of a favorite with the Irish as the English. We gathered blackberries from the bushes by the roadside, sitting in the car, which were very sweet and tasted quite homelike. The Park abounds in white hawthorn trees which must be beautiful in May whilst in blossom. I cannot imagine anything more beautiful.

We went to the old cathedral of St. Patrick which our driver says was built by the saint himself. I believe it dates from the 10th century. Could not get in as a service was being held. Saw the old and poorer parts of Dublin in the vicinity of the cathedral. The river Liffey spanned by a number of arched bridges, the quays fine, is quite a pretty feature. King George's bridge, built by voluntary subscription, Bloody bridge, Essex bridge & Carlyle bridge, below which is the custom house and shipping. Got back to the hotel about 2 o'clock, charge for the car,

driver & information \$2.50. Lunched & retired to our rooms to write.

The strawberry beds extending for some distance on the banks of the Liffey with the beer & concert houses on the road below are quite an interesting feature. It is the resort of the middle classes in the season of the fruit. Thousands visit them and Sunday they have music & dancing. Our drive took us through the Coombe, once the street where were all the silk looms. Also the Society building, with a full length statue of George IV, now occupied by the lowest classes. I have just written to Alex. Dined table d'hôte, rather more satisfactorily than last night. Retired early.

Sept. 30th—Monday. Took a carriage and rode to Fry's; purchased three poplin dresses, one for E. & two for myself. First quality, 8 shillings. E. 5 S. 6 d. Brown for self, 5 s. Bought photographs and a pair of bog bracelets for 5 s. Left hotel at 12½ for station en route for Cork, taking with us another trunk bought in Dublin to hold Wal's things. Day cold & cloudy. Had for travelling companion a young Irish girl, one of the pleasantest and finest looking girls I have seen since I left home. Just such a girl as I should want for a wife were I an unmarried gentleman. She soon made acquaintance with E., sharing her lunch with her and making

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herself generally very agreeable. A young gentleman from Limerick, also very pleasant, made advances to W. offering a newspaper which led to a great deal of pleasant conversation. This has been a very pleasant day, although the country through which we passed was low, flat and poor; a great deal of bog. Very few if any houses, but the huts of the peasantry which are mere hovels. The Tipperary mountains on our right were a very pretty feature in the distance. The highest part called the *Devil's Bite*, which he took out in an angry fit, dropping it in an adjoining county. As we neared Cork the country became better and more interesting. Our young lady left us at Thurlew to visit a friend, not liking to continue her journey to Cork so late in the evening, it being her first journey alone. Expressed her regret that she had not known she would have lady companions through, as she was desirous of reaching home. Our gentleman left us soon after, leaving us to continue our journey alone. I am sorry the darkness prevented our seeing more of the country near Cork which we reached about 7½ P. M. We were greatly amused at one of the guards who kept our door locked, thereby securing us the whole car to ourselves and himself a *fee*. Hotel, Irish as it is possible to be.

October 1st—Tuesday. We are stopping at the

Imperial Hotel, comfortable but Irish. After breakfast we took a carriage and rode out to Blarney Castle; a lovely ride and perfect day. The castle is a fine old ruin in a good state of preservation. One of the principal features of Cork is a beautiful walk called Mardyke. The public buildings are fine, amongst them the lunatic asylums. The old woman who shewed the castle amused us very much with her wit & brogue, telling W. she knew he was not a Yankee. When asked how she knew she answered "yaller & lean." She made us kiss the Blarney Stone in a room on the ground floor three times and then kiss each other. The room contains some old mantels and parts of the ruin, which she said were to be restored to their former places. A party of English soldiers, four in number, went up also at the same time. Three of them kissed the original stone which is in a very awkward place to reach. W. would not attempt it. We were looking around for it and W. called to the old woman below to point it out when she responded "Don't ye see it?"—"No." "What are the bars there for?" At which we had a good laugh at him. Returning, we passed through Blarney Lane, poor miserable hovels on either side, each one having its old man or woman, pigs, chickens, children all together. Did a little shopping, got some Limerick gloves & shells; failed to get the Irish lace I wanted. Dined and rode out in a jingle, a

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peculiar carriage used only in Cork. Went up on the terraces and got some fine views. Sorry we could not go down to Queenstown. Left about 5 P. M. for the Killarney Lakes, where we arrived about 9 P. M. At Mallow we waited three fourths of an hour for the train to Killarney. W. thought he was left and we were in quite a state of consternation.

October 2nd—Wednesday. Had a fine view of the lake as I lay in bed this morning. We are stopping at the Victoria Lake House. The grounds sloping to the lake are beautifully cultivated, and the grass green as Newport grass. Rose at 6 expecting to leave at 8 A. M. for an excursion through the gap of Dunlow. Morning so cloudy and unpleasant we were doubtful about going. Proprietor assured us it would be a fine day. We started at 9 in a carriage with *Dan* for a guide. Rode 9 miles to the gap where we took ponies for a 5 mile ride. Kate Carney's cottage is at the entrance, where we were assailed by an army of beggars, one importuning me to buy a photograph of Kate Carney's cottage, another for some money to buy a book he was "larning" to read. The beggars were a perfect nuisance. The scenery of the gap is wild and the lakes very pretty. The day being so dark and lowery gave us a different impression from what we should have had could we have seen them under different circum-

stances. I enjoyed my ride on Sally Dunlow, my pony's name, very much. We had some brisk trotting. The scenery of the valley beyond the gap was grand, dark and weird-looking. We left our ponies and the boys at the entrance to the grounds of Lord Brandon's cottage, passing through the grounds to the right where we took the boat with our guide and 4 oarsmen. We were glad to get rid of the importunities of the beggars, who ran after us offering goat's milk & whiskey, crochet work, etc. The upper & middle lakes are completely shut in on all sides by mountains. Our men gave us the legends of the place, songs, &c, pointed out the footprints of the chieftain & his wife, who sprang from one rock to the other across the passage which connects the upper & middle lakes. A huge stone resembling a round of beef, another a leg of mutton (petrified), the keel of the giant's vessel with the long-boat longside, the rocks cleft asunder when he tried his knife before carving the beef. Paddy Blake's Echo, which always has the last word; the Eagle Cliffs, the boldest rocky scenery; a large grey eagle was sitting in the mouth of the nest. Our guide blew a blast on the bugle and he flew away, alighting on a point of rock nearby. This is the spot of the most beautiful and remarkable echo. The banks & islands in the lake are covered with arbutus in blossom, and the live oak, laurel, etc. Lower lake quite rough. We left the

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boat at the bridge near the Meeting of the Waters, and lunched under the rocks. It was raining hard. We had an uncomfortable, cold day, but I enjoyed it exceedingly. The scenery is beautiful. Got back to the hotel about 3½, took a carriage and rode to Muckross Abbey, a magnificent old ruin, where are the graves of some of the old kings of Munster. A large Irish yew, 700 years old, in the cloisters, which are in excellent preservation. Rode through the grounds of Col. Herbert where are five trees planted by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, when there on a visit. The village of Killarney is a poor looking place. I have not seen so much poverty since I left Italy. Poor things, theirs is a hard life! A laboring man gets about three shillings of our money to pay rent & feed his family. Met on our return a number of Americans and English persons in parlour. Had quite a sociable evening, with some singing by an English bride.

Oct. 3d—Thursday. When I rose this morning a beautiful rainbow spanned the lake. How lovely it all looked! The surrounding mountains from which the mists were rising. The house seems cold & damp. Breakfasted & left at 9 A. M. for the cars en route for Dublin. I regret the necessity of going over the same ground again. Met in the parlour this morning a young gentleman from Inwood, Mr. Thompson,

who knows Ebby and others of our friends. He went with us in the same car and we found him right pleasant company; Eva as usual, engrossed with a book. Rain and sunshine all day, with hail. Cold & disagreeable. An Irish lady got in our car and rode a short distance with us. Right jolly she was. I like the Irish people very much. We were sorry when she left us. An English gentleman and his wife got in after she left, reserved and morose, as usual with them. Arrived at Dublin 6 P. M. Drove to the station and found we could not get to Belfast till 3 o'clock in the morning. Left our trunks & drove to Shelbourne House where we dined at a small table with Mr. Thompson and an old Irish gentleman, whom we found very intelligent and agreeable; altogether we had a nice time. Speaking of the Irish poor, he said the fear of cleanly habits enforced in the poor houses made them dread them. The idea of an old lady of 90 years being compelled to wash and use a towel! We had a hearty laugh. Pleasant evening in the parlour, E. in conversation with an English lady, Mr. Thompson & I. He gave us a ludicrous description of his oil experience and investments.

Oct. 4th—Friday. Rose 6 o'clock, breakfasted and drove to station. Cold, disagreeable day, raining at intervals; scenery more beautiful, fine agricul-

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tural country—beautiful views of the sea. Passed through large manufacturing towns—quantities of linen bleaching. As we neared Belfast passed through a mountainous district—cottages neat & a general appearance of thrift. Arrived Belfast 12½—found the city decorated with flags in honor of the Lord Lieutenant's visit. We just missed him at the depot. He left just before we arrived. Surprised to meet the Lowthers in the hall of the Imperial Hotel. Was assailed by them and at once taken under their patronage, ushered into their parlour. Kindly meant, but I fear unappreciated by us, excepting the fire which was grateful. We were almost frozen after a miserably poor but pretentious dinner served in our room. We sent two trunks to Liverpool, leaving W's trunk and umbrellas at the Imperial. Took cars about 5 P. M. for Port Rush to see the Giant's Causeway. Rainy and cold; still, from what I saw of the country, judge it to be very fine. Changed cars two or three times going at a snail's pace, arriving at our destination in four hours. Stopped at the Antrim Arms, a nice comfortable hotel, where we had a nice tea, which I enjoyed exceedingly. Port Rush is a fashionable watering place—once a little fishing village.

Oct. 5 & 6—Saturday & Sunday. Much to my gratification, the day bids fair to be pleasant. Left

the hotel at 9 o'clock in a carriage for the Causeway, 8 miles round the coast. Passed the ruins of Dunloe Castle, on a bold promontory, the Giant's Punch Bowl—Giant's Profile—a remarkable likeness—the Giant's Grandmother. Took a guide (Hutchison) and 4 oarsmen and rowed out & down to the headland, seeing the Amphitheatre, Organ, Lion's Rock, &c. Sea very rough. Ours the first boat that has been out in three weeks. I am glad we went. Could not have gotten so fine a view of the headland any other way. Landed & walked to the Causeway, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, with which I was much pleased—drank from the Giant's Well, 3 hexagon basaltic rocks forming the bottom, the only three of their shape and proportion found together. The water insures marriage within twelve months to the young. Sat in the wishing chair, which also insures marriage within 12 mo. to the young, an addition to the family of the married, and fulfilment of a wish. I wished for a safe passage home. The Keystone, an exact octagon, the only perfect one in the Causeway. *One* nine-sided stone—one diamond-shaped—one square & one oblong. The peculiarity of the concave & convex surface where the columns separate is quite curious. The Giant being a weaver, we were shewn his *loom-bars* or posts—30 feet high, composed of 39 pieces. The formation is very curious. As usual, we were beset with beggars. Entered a

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cottage to purchase photographs. Found a neat kitchen with bright peat fire, baby in cradle, dog in front of fire; earth floor with a sort of rug or hearth made of small stones. Asked our driver to get me a piece of shamrock. He gave me a piece of sheep sorrel for which W. paid him a shilling, the price he said he paid for it from a woman who had it in a pot & did not want to break it, and after this deception, wanted a present in addition to his pay. Irish impudence. Bought some photographs & lace from a descendant of Patrick Henry, who keeps a variety store. She invited me to go down into her kitchen to convince me that *all* the Irish were not as dirty as some of the specimens we see in America—a perfect little gem of a kitchen, in perfect order, & one servant to do everything. The old lady seemed quite proud of her kitchen. My lace, two barbs, cuffs & coiffure cost me \$10.25. Dined nicely and am about leaving for Belfast. Raining, 3¼ P. M.

A right pleasant party in our car. Had a nice talk with a lady from N. Y. Don't know her name. E. & W. in conversation with a Sir *Something* & Lady, very nice people. Arrived in time to drive to the hotel, pay our bill, get the trunk left there, & reach the boat for Glasgow. Nice berths in a pleasant, neat, little lady's cabin, stewardess very kind (from Montreal). After tea we went to bed, sleeping soundly till morning, when we reached

Glasgow & went to McLean's Hotel in St. Patrick's Street.

Oct. 6—Sunday. The house is filled with judges, & lords, &c. Saw them go to the cathedral in gowns & wigs. Lord Chief Justice Clark, in red & white robes, with a three-cornered cocked hat; Lord Mayor in black, Magistrates, &c. Horses ridden by postilions in white breeches, green jackets, skull caps, &c. Quite a grand display. The day is dark, cloudy & rainy. E. & I went to hear Dr. MacLeod an eminent divine here. Did not hear him preach. He read some notices at the close of the exercises—a fine portly-looking man. The church is old fashioned & the congregation Scotch & no mistake. Such a coughing, snuffling, blowing of noses, hawking, etc., I never before heard in any church. I was right glad to get out.

Our rooms are high up, cheerless & comfortless, but we are sitting in a snug little lady's parlour, with a cheerful fire. W. & E. writing, one to Pa the other to Ebby. We have lunched. The fashion here at breakfast & lunch is to have a table, with joints, cold ham, beef, lamb, mutton; lobster cold, pie, &c, from which you are helped. Today, the Lords, Judges, &c claim all the attention. Had some scones for breakfast & for lunch a thin cake of oatmeal. Dined table d'hote, E. & I the only ladies at table.

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Dinner very nice but I did not enjoy it. First course soups, oxtail & mutton; 2, turbot & whiting; 3, stewed kidneys, sweetbreads, veal chops; 4, roast beef, boiled chicken, boiled tongue, sheep'shead & another dish which looked like a boiled pudding; potatoes, beets, cabbage & onions. With the boiled tongue was carrot & spinach. 5, game, grouse & partridge with bread crumbs; 6, cabinet pudding, tart, blanc mange, jelly & fritters; 7, cheese, butter & crackers & celery. Wine, beer, &c served in silver dishes with covers. Meats carved on the table.

Too rainy to go out. Spent the evening in the parlor. Had tea & cake, toast, etc. served there. Gas in our bedrooms for the first time since we left home.

October 7—Monday. Rainy morning. Took a carriage & rode out to the cathedral & cemetery. Rained so hard we could see but little. It is beautifully situated. Delivered Mr. Templeton's letter. Did not find him in. Rode round the park, saw the docks, &c. Returned to hotel & walked out to do some shopping. Got nothing but a Shetland veil. When we returned found Mr. Templeton had called with his son, inviting us to tea. The son called for us at 7¹/₂ in a carriage. We had a very pleasant evening. Miss T. I liked exceedingly.

Oct. 8th—Tuesday. Rose early. I am feeling quite sick. Started at 7 A. M. for the Lakes—by car to Ballach, where we took steamer on Lake Lomond. The children breakfasted on board. I felt too badly. The day cold but clear. The lake is beautiful. Many handsome places on its banks. Lunched at —— where we got some laudanum & brandy. A ride of 5 miles brought us to Lake Catherine. Some gentlemen from the West & ourselves the only tourists. It is getting too late & cold. Many degrees colder than usual at this season. The country about is associated with the history of Rob Roy. Took a little steamer on Lake Catherine. Saw the house in which Rob Roy was born. The lake is surrounded by wild, beautiful scenery. Ben Lomond & the other mountains covered with snow, which fell last night. The upper part of the lake near Ellen's Island is exceedingly beautiful. At the head of the lake took a stage & rode through the Trossachs, a wild glen some 20 miles long. Passed the Bridge of Turk & the place where Roderick Dhu & Fitz James fought—saw the stone called Lampson's Pudding Stone. Stopped at Callender, a pretty little place where we lunched & took cars for Edinburgh. Stopped at Stirling, where we arrived about 4 P. M. Took a carriage & rode to the castle. Atmosphere was clear & the views from the castle unequalled. Our guide pointed out all the places of interest, the Heading Mill, the bridge,

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Wallace Monument, the Abbey, the Field of Ban-nockburn, the round table & outlines of flower beds in the fields around, the hole in the wall and seat from which Mary Queen of Scots witnessed their sports; the room in which Douglas was murdered & small room attached, from the window of which his body was thrown; Rob Roy's prison & the opposite tower where Ellen played the lute for him. The views are very extensive and looked lovely. Walked on the Lady's Lookout—the Lady's Stone in the cemetery of Greyfriar's Church, from which the ladies witnessed the sports of the tournaments. Had not time to go through the cemetery. Rode round the castle & returned to station. Had tea in the refreshment room and took 8½ train for Edinburgh, where we arrived about 10 P. M. pretty well tired out. The country from the lakes to Stirling is perfectly beautiful. I have not seen anywhere so fine an agricultural country. The view just before you reach Stirling is exceedingly beautiful. Took parlour & bedrooms at Edinburgh Hotel. Just in front is Walter Scott's monument. I have felt miserably all day and have really suffered from cold.

October 9th—Wednesday. An unpleasant morning. Went to Holyrood Castle & Abbey, where are the rooms of Mary Queen of Scots, her bedroom & workbox, baby-basket, portrait of Elizabeth & her

father presented by herself to Mary. The little room where Rizzio was killed, the blood on the floor at the head of the stairway where his body lay all night. The partition was erected by order of Mary to hide the spot. The bed of Charles the First & a screen belonging to him. A chair worked by Mary. In the little room in which Rizzio was killed, is the altar of Mary. Darnley's room, &c.

The ruins of the Abbey are very beautiful. From there we went to Edinburgh Castle, from whence the views are very fine. A thick fog prevented our seeing much.

The old regalia of Scotland, very interesting. The crown, very beautiful; also Sword of State—crown worn by Bruce, found through Walter Scott's exertions, after remaining for years walled up in a room in the castle. The room where Mary was confined—a little room with one small window through which she let her son down in a basket when 8 days old, to be taken to Stirling to be baptised in the Catholic font. A beautiful portrait of her hangs in the adjoining room, taken when she was 19 years old, & another of her son, 40 years old. An armchair used by her is in the room, & piece of a tree which she planted at Lochleven.

E. called to see Miss Gibson, W. & I remaining in the carriage. We drove round to see some of the principal streets, returned & lunched at hotel &

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walked out to do some shopping. I can't seem to find anything to suit me in price or material. E. & I got Scotch plaid dresses at 8 s. & 6 d. per yd., a carriage rug £3 10 s. & some little things. I want some of the Scotch pebbles, but they are so high. Dined in our room very nicely.

Have just written to Alex, 11 P. M.

October 10th—Thursday. Took 10 o'clock train for Melrose, a fine day, the first we have had in some time. The ride out was through the most beautifully cultivated country, rolling, & in some places quite hilly. Took a carriage at Melrose station for the Abbey, Abbotsford & Dryburgh. The Abbey of Melrose quite satisfied me. The workmanship in many places exquisite & well preserved. A small hand grasping some flowers at the top of one of the columns, is pointed out; a negro's head, a pig, playing the bagpipes; David & his queen in niches at the top of east window—window very perfect. Just below is the place where the heart of Robert the Bruce is buried. An old clock & bell which still strikes the hour, 300 years old. Two of Sir Walter Scott's servants are buried in the yard. Met in the little house of the person who shows the Abbey, a party of three who return by the Russia—pleasant looking people. The little room with its grate & fire, bed, cooking utensils, the perfection of neat-

ness. Amongst other things noticed was a *tea infuser*. They seem to be generally used. I hope Aunty* will like hers. From the Abbey we drove to Abbotsford, through a beautiful country. The house is situated below a hill, facing the Tweed, commanding a lovely view, grounds beautifully laid out in winding walks & flower beds. Saw there some of the largest holly trees I have seen. Were shown over the rooms by a Frenchman, whose accent was somewhat peculiar. First we entered the study, a small but highly interesting room, containing the table on which Sir Walter wrote, his chair, covered with black leather, suit of clothes he last wore; in a glass case, a white hat, black coat, checked pants—shoes, etc; his pipes in a case at one end of the room, canes, etc. The room is lined with books, a little gallery running around it, a small staircase in one corner leading to it, a small door opening from it in one corner communicating with his bedroom. A small closet at one side, in which is a cast taken after death, lighted by one window looking out on a beautiful little flower garden. The study opens into the library, an oblong room with a large bay window, filled with rare & beautiful things—presents to the owner. Two beautiful carved boxwood arm chairs from Count Barlarine of Rome, an exquisite hanging lamp, Roman also; ebony chairs & tables, cabinet, a table in bay

*Mrs. Anson Baldwin.

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window filled with costly presents covered with glass, amongst which are Rob Roy's purse (a leather pouch), Ellen McGregor's Brooch of silver, a cup & box of Mary Stewart's, a bog oak snuff-box from Miss Edgeworth, a miniature painting of his wife & himself—the former perfectly beautiful—a very fine portrait of himself. Ceiling & sides of the room are beautifully carved. From the library we entered the breakfast room, in which are two portraits of his daughters in fancy dress. The head of Mary Stewart painted the day after she was executed, and his mother & son. From this room we entered the Armory, filled with guns, swords, armor of every style & age; Rob Roy's rifle, or gun, a small iron box for holding money for the poor, belonging to Mary Stewart & used by herself & her mother, Mary of Guise; a painting of his favorite dog, Ginger. The walls are covered with relics. On a table are some exquisite wood carvings; Old Mortality; copy of the Pascal Lamb in Dryburgh Abbey. The hall communicating with the Abbey is also filled with armour. A Roman mosaic table, a clock on the mantel belonging once to Mary Queen of Scots. I was sorry to be so hurried through. I could have lingered hours examining the rare & beautiful things. Walked around the grounds & left for Dryburgh, stopping at the hotel in Melrose to lunch & purchase some memento's—a volume of Lady of the Lake bound in

oak grown at Abbotsford & a needlebook with a view of Abbotsford. The ruins of Dryburgh Abbey are very interesting. One large circular window, very perfect & beautifully overgrown with ivy. The tombs of Walter Scott & family—his of highly polished granite. We were too much hurried to thoroughly enjoy it & hurried to the depot to find we had an hour or more to wait—too provoking! The ride back to Edinburgh was very pleasant. Dined in our rooms. We have taken all our meals in our rooms since we have been here. Yesterday an explosion took place in a fire-works manufactory in the old town, killing 5 persons. A castle —— short distance from Edinburgh was burning not far from us in full sight. One of the servants told us it was a tan yard. The old town looks beautiful at night with its hundreds of lights.

Oct. 11—Friday. Breakfasted early. W. & I went out to shop & got him an overcoat. His old one looks so shabby. E. remained to receive the Misses Gibson,²³ who made an appointment to call at 10 A. M. I bought a Cairngorm shawl pin, for 30 shillings. Had a great mind to buy a dagger for E. They are really very beautiful & tempting. Bought Kate B.²⁴ 3 pairs of gloves at 2 s. per pair & myself 4 pairs

²³The Misses Gibson had a fashionable "finishing school" for young ladies, in New York City, attended by Eva Smith.

²⁴Catherine Baldwin.

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at 2 s. 6 d. per pair. Got back just in time to see the Gibsons who had been waiting some time. Lots of flattery as usual, and a fishing for compliments in return.

After they left we bought some photographs & an edition of Waverly novels which I have given Wal on condition he reads them. At 12 M. we took a carriage & guide to see the town & sights. First we visited two of the banks, & the British Linen Co., a beautiful building both exterior & interior. Columns of polished Scotch granite. A beautiful mantel in ante-room of marble from the Highlands. Royal Bank—lighted from the dome—a beautiful building. All the public buildings are fine, particularly the hospital, founded by private munificence. Herriot's, the wealthiest, & James Donaldson's, the largest & finest in point of architecture. There are also Stewart's & Watsons'—one for orphans of indigent merchants. We went through Donaldson's. There are $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles of side panelling. It will accommodate 300 children; at present there are 250, 75 of them mutes. We went into the school room, on one side girls, the other side boys, looking bright, clean & happy. The girls without exception fine looking; the boys mischievous & roguish. They enter at 6 & leave at 14 years, going out to service or trades. They have four meals a day; meat always at dinner, with the exception of one day in the week,

when they get pudding for a change. We visited the sewing room where they are taught to mend & make their garments. The dormitories, 12 beds in each, with a wash-room on same floor. The children get a warm bath once a week. The building & grounds are very beautiful. There is in the committee room a fine portrait of James Donaldson, his wife, and a likeness of him taken in boyhood. He had no children and left property to the amount of a million for this institution. The Queen tried to purchase the building for a royal palace, not liking Holyrood, but the trustees would not sell it.

The old Parliament House, now used for court purposes, John Knox's house, Regent Murray's, the Old Prison & the site of the Heart of Midlothian, now marked by a stone heart defined in the pavement. Our guide told us he was once locked up in it for breaking a pane of glass & his father came to release him. The keys of the prison hang in the hall at Abbotsford.

St. Giles', one of the oldest churches, and the old stone cross near it. Counted 9 stones to some of the houses. Our guide says some have eleven & he remembers one 16 stones high, demolished now. Rode around Arthur's Craig, visited Jenny Dean's house, drove through the new town. I think it is decidedly one of the finest cities we have seen. The buildings uniform, built in circles around parks, squares, &c.

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The effect is very pretty and must be far healthier. The parks are very frequent, and our guide told us there was a mile of flower garden fronting rows of fine houses. The view from Carlton Hill is very fine, showing the three hills on which Edinburgh is built. We visited Dean Cemetery a beautiful spot. The Botanical Gardens containing the finest palm house in the world. The collection is very fine. A mahogany tree was pointed out, & date trees with flowers of purple & young fruit like red berries, growing from the trunk of the tree below the leaves & branches. The museum contains many curious things—some exquisite wax fruit & flowers, a vase of highland wild flowers, heath, &c, presented by the Queen from the vicinity of Balmoral, modelled in wax. Concluded to have a fish dinner at New Haven, a ride of two miles to the seaside, the road lined with beautiful villas, cottages, &c, &c. We entered the principal street of New Haven occupied by the fish women, as comfortless, dirty a looking place as I have seen; the fishwives, in their peculiar dress—short skirts, thick stockings & shoes,—preparing nets, baskets & fish for market at the doors of their miserable hovels. They are a peculiar set of people, scarcely intermingling with any other class. We dined at the Peacock, kept by Miss Clark, whose ancestors have kept it 130 years. It is a fashionable place of resort in the season for fish dinners. She

had 5 kinds of fish served in 7 different ways, the proprietress regretting that we had not sent a note beforehand that she could have gotten us up a better dinner. While it was preparing, some boys amused us by singing, turning summersets for pennies. Our dinner was not very satisfactory and when we returned we were obliged to have tea.

October 12, 1867—Saturday. E. and I called to see Mrs. Gibson. Had a pleasant call. Left in the 2 P. M. train for York, a six hours ride. Stopped at station hotel, neat & clean, *cooking bad*. Have a pleasant parlour & our meals served in it.

Oct. 13—Sunday. Cloudy, misty day. Went to the cathedral service at 11 A. M. Unsatisfactory, like all cathedral services to me. Fine organ & singing. E. & I attended the afternoon service. Music very grand—large proportion of the congregation gentlemen, quite a contrast to home attendance. In the evening, wrote my last letter to Alex & one to Sallie.

October 14—Monday. W. could not get any money here, and was obliged to leave E. & me here whilst he went to Manchester & returned for us. He has been very careless to get out of funds so. Another day of our remaining few lost. Eva & I rode all

over the city. There are many very pleasant streets & neat dwellings. The River Ouse flowing through the city is very beautiful, reminding one somewhat of Venice. Visited the cathedral. The old glass windows which escaped the Reformation devastations, also the fire some thirty years since, are the most beautiful specimens of ancient painting we have seen. One window, the gift of five maiden sisters, copied from a worsted design worked by them, very beautiful—work of the 12th century, called The Five Sisters. The east window, 66 ft. high by 31 wide, exceedingly beautiful. The Chapter house, a hexagon or circular room with large painted windows all around it, of the 14th Cent. Many old tombs—the Crypt, in which are remains of pillars of a church built in the 10th cent. Also remains of ancient mason work of the 6th cent. In the Sacristy are many old relics, three rings found in the tombs of bishops, a drinking horn, coronation chair, an old chest richly carved, of the time of Henry III, some stalls 500 years old. We remained for evening prayers. How grand the organ sounded, & the singing I enjoyed more than anything for a long time.

This has been a dull, cloudy day. Amongst the tombs is Thomas Beckwith's, who bequeathed his whole fortune to benevolent institutions, the amount given to the different ones chronicled on his monument.

JANE BALDWIN SMITH

Oct. 15—Tuesday. Cloudy, rainy day. Spent the day in reading. We have a nice, bright parlour. W. returned from Manchester about 2½ P. M. & we left for Manchester at 4. Stopped at the Queen's Hotel. Had the nicest rooms we have yet had in England. A large parlour, handsomely furnished, meals in our rooms, very comfortable.

Oct. 16—Wednesday. Warren went out to attend to his business. E. & I walked out to see the shops. In the afternoon we rode out to see the city & suburbs. It is a large manufacturing place & the suburbs abound in pretty places. The places are all named, even the small ones having quite high sounding names. I discovered some crabs in a shop window. Got W. to purchase two for our lunch. The waiter prepared them for us at the hotel. We left about 4½ for Liverpool. Riding to the cars I was taken quite ill in the carriage, & was very sick in the cars all the way to Liverpool, where we arrived after dark in the rain, and found we could not get rooms in the Adelphi Hotel where our trunks were awaiting us. The porter sent us to a house nearby. They were full, & sent us next door. It seemed to me, sick & suffering as I was, we should never get a resting place. I was thankful for our rooms, poor as they were, & for the attentions of the kind, motherly landlady, who did all in her power to make me comfortable.

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17th—Thursday. Early in the morning removed to the Adelphi where we have a parlour & two bedrooms, very comfortable. W. brought our letters, three from Alex for me. One of my letters seems written in a very unkind spirit. Alex evidently blames me for something in my letters from Paris, when we were in such tribulation, which he has construed into an accusation of mercenary meanness towards us. I am not aware of what I could have written, for that thought was farthest from my mind. I did blame him for *carelessness*, but meanness in money matters was never associated with thoughts of him. E. & I walked out & made some purchases whilst W. was busy. The stores here are more like ours at home than any we have seen. Quite equal to London stores. Ordered a seal-skin hat trimmed & sent home tomorrow. Got some woolens, etc. Bought 6 dozen napkins to use on shipboard—*nothing very cheap*.

18th—Friday. Cold, unsettled weather. Took a carriage & rode over the city, and out in the suburbs. Nothing of particular interest excepting the Botanical Gardens which we did not enter. The docks are very remarkable. We drove around & on them. Bought a walking-dress of serge for \$23. & another which I am going to smuggle if I can. Our poplins arrived today, also other things, safe.

JANE BALDWIN SMITH

I wish Alex had not written so to me. His letter cost me a sleepless night. I am sorry I wrote to him at all of our difficulties. Better not to have done so, & yet at the time it seemed as if I must tell him all. I do not feel at all well. I have not gotten over the crab yet. I could not eat any dinner today, on account of the fish sauce containing lobster. This will be our last night on foreign shores. Tomorrow we sail. Busy packing.

19th—Saturday. Very pleasant day. Left hotel at 10 A. M. & went on board a little steamer which is to take us to the *Russia*. All is bustle & confusion. Passengers mostly Americans like ourselves, returning from their tours. If Alex were here I should not care to go home yet. I could enjoy six months more of travel exceedingly, but not without him. I hope never to leave him again. It is too lonely without him. Everyone seems to have friends on board but us. I am afraid we shall have a stupid time. There are about 190 passengers & every seat in the dining saloon engaged. We were obliged to go aft to a small saloon. I am very sorry, as it excludes us from companionship with the nicest people. There are 7 or 8 ladies, the rest gentlemen. Opposite us sits Mr. Vincent, an English lecturer who has lectured in America. Another Englishman who tries to make himself agreeable. He told me his brother married Judge

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Roosevelt's sister. She is lately deceased. He stopped at their house in Paris in the Champs Élysées. He is a widower with a daughter, Jenny, about 16 years old. He asked E. to show him her journal. I tease E. about the widower.

October 20th—Sunday. Anchored off Queens-town this morning at 7½. Beautiful morning. Slept nicely last night. Our state room is large & nice. Expected to go on shore but the tug did not come till 2 P. M., too late for us to see anything. W. went & bought two chairs for which he paid \$12.50. Charged \$10. for the loan of two on board. 4 P. M. Just started. Mails all on board. The Lowthers arrived, saluted us from the tug with waving of umbrellas, hats, &c. It is raining with every appearance of a storm.

Oct. 21—Monday. Head wind. Rough sea. General seasickness. E. & I did not leave our berths.

Oct. 22 (1867)²⁵—Tuesday. Made an effort & went on deck. Weather changeable. Rain & hail. Motion of vessel not pleasant. Rooling & pitching.

23—Wednesday. There seem to be many pleasant people on board, but the general sickness prevents any sociability.

²⁵Eva's twenty-second birthday. Also the birthday of William F. Cochran, who was thirteen years older.

Oct. 24th—Thursday. Beautiful day. On deck all day reading *Lady of the Lake*. Wind getting round more favorable. Some irregularity in the movement of the machinery gave the ladies quite a scare, in the saloon. I could not get over it for some time.

Oct. 25—Friday. Stormy day. Wind fair. Sails set for the first time. Making good progress. E. & I both went to breakfast. Mr. Butterfield disposed to run W. upon his *Universal* belief. It is very pleasant for us to have him so near us.

After breakfast went in the ladies' saloon. Spent the time till 3 P. M. in pleasant conversation with a lady from Montreal, Mrs. Tindell & an English lady from Liverpool, Mrs. ——. She is bitter against the Queen, Prince of Wales, etc. Accuses the former of mean parsimony, & the latter of gambling & other vices. Was quite surprised to hear her express herself in such unqualified terms. We have frequent calls from the Lowthers in our state rooms.

Oct. 26th—Saturday. Cold, rainy and sea very rough. All sick & uncomfortable.

October 27—Sunday. Mr. Potter preached in dining saloon to a full audience. He has a very fine delivery & his sermon interesting. Not quite so rough today.

Oct. 28th—Monday. Fine day. Sea calmer. All on deck. Made the acquaintance of Mr. Cochran, Mrs. Sanford's brother. He & E. had quite a long walk on deck. Was introduced to Mr. Sanford²⁶ by his wife. I like them all very much. Had quite a lively conversation with a German gentleman, cousin of Mrs. Bergman whom we have seen & admired, in the ladies' saloon. Altogether this has been a very pleasant day.

October 29th—Tuesday. Rainy. About ten o'clock took a pilot on board.

²⁶Hon. Stephen Sanford of Amsterdam, Mr. Cochran's brother-in-law. Owner of Stephen Sanford Carpet Manufactory and member of Congress.



WM. FRANCIS COCHRAN (1864)

EVA'S LETTERS

These precious letters were written to Elizabeth Punchard by Eva Smith, beginning in the summer following that of the trip to Europe chronicled in the diary of her mother. On the last day of that trip, you have read of their meeting "Mr. Cochran" and finding him a congenial acquaintance.

Charmed by the attractions of Eva Smith, Mr. Cochran followed up the acquaintance until it developed into a warmer feeling. He visited the Yonkers home of the Smith family with increasing frequency, and followed Eva to Rye Beach, N. H., when she went there with her cousins Hall Baldwin and his sister Cornelia as related in the first of her letters. There he asked her to marry him, and there he was made happy by her answer. The mischievous cousin, Hall, wrote home from there: "It is all up with Eva; Will's nose has been under her sun-bonnet all day!"

Letters dealing with the days of happy preparation for the marriage follow, then a description of the great event.

William Francis Cochran came from Albany, and had been associated with the firm of Park & Tilford in the wholesale grocery business. Feeling scruples over the wholesaling of liquor which was part of

their business, he had severed his connection with the firm and was at this time a partner in a lumber business in Canada. As one of Eva's letters relates, he determined to sell his interest in the lumber company and invest the proceeds in the carpet-manufacturing business in Yonkers, owned by his father-in-law.

The capital thus invested was most acceptable, and a partnership was formed under the name of Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company, Warren B. Smith and William F. Cochran being the sons. This is the name borne by the company to-day, sixty years later, although all three of those who gave to it its name have passed on, leaving its interests largely in the hands of the fourth generation. During the time required for Mr. Cochran to wind up his interests in Canada, the young couple lived there in the lumber camp interestingly described in the letters.

The girlish affection of Eva Smith for Elizabeth Punchard, of Andover, was further cemented when Lissie married Eva's cousin, Hall Baldwin, of Yonkers, on February 22nd, 1870. The two young couples later lived next each other at Blink Bonnie, the Baldwin home, and Duncraggan, the house built in 1874-75 by Mr. Cochran, on North Broadway about two and one-half miles north of the then village of Yonkers.

The two families had but three near neighbors.



DUNCRAGGAN

Adjoining Blink Bonnie to the south was Graystone, the beautiful house built by Mr. John T. Waring, where he lived with his wife, Jeannette Baldwin, a sister of Hall Baldwin, and their eight children: Grace, Arthur, Cornelia, Susan Baldwin, Pierre, John, Palmer and Janet. Immediately opposite Duncraggan was Leaside, the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Clark with their two daughters Alice and Isabella and their son Farley. To the North of Duncraggan lived Mr. and Mrs. John K. Myers with their family.

Hospitable Blink Bonnie sheltered Anson Baldwin (brother of Jane Baldwin Smith); his unmarried daughter Cornelia; his two sons, Ebenezer (unmarried) and Hall with his wife (Lissie) and their two children Martha Punchard (Mattie) and Anson. Duncraggan harbored William F. Cochran, his wife (Eva) and their six children, Anna, Elinor, Alexander Smith, William Francis, Jr., Elizabeth Baldwin (Elsie), and Gifford Alexander. There they lived in closest intimacy during all the years when their children were growing up. Isolated partially, by distance and bad, unlighted roads, from the limited social gaieties of the village, they spent many of their evenings together. The children of the two families had few other playmates for daily amusement. On one occasion when Anson Baldwin, then about twelve years old, was skating on a lonely pond in Mr. Clark's woods, with "Alex" and

“Will” Cochran and Paul Haughton, a son of the rector of St. John’s Church, the ice broke under his three companions and they were dangerously near drowning. If Anson had continued to endeavor to pull the boys out from the edge of the ice, which was broken as their weight came on it, or if he had run for help, their lives would have been lost. The cool and resourceful boy instead dragged a rail from a fence and holding this out first to Alex and then to Paul Haughton, helped them to land. Then the three saved Will, the youngest of them, who was almost too exhausted to help them save him. Fine, brave act! It has never been forgotten by those who loved those dear boys. In St. John’s Church the following Sunday prayers of thanksgiving were offered by the rector, James Haughton.

After Mrs. Baldwin’s death on Christmas Day, 1925, these sweet letters written to her by her devoted friend, my mother, were found among her cherished possessions by her daughter, Martha. She sent them to me, knowing how I would rejoice to have them; and I delight to add them to this volume containing the diary of Jane Baldwin Smith.

A. C. E.

EVA'S LETTERS

Yonkers, N. Y.
Aug. 9th, 1868.

My dearest Lissie:

How I wish I knew where you are at this moment! I am contemplating a trip to Rye Beach with Hall and Corneil²⁸ and would give I know not how much for the hope of seeing you there. Do write and tell me that I may look forward to it. We are only going to stay one week. Hall had but little time to spare and means to leave Corneil and me with Mrs. Waring²⁹ for a week, and return for us. To my sorrow, Nettie is staying at the Ocean House, so I suppose we shall go there too. I had rather return to the old familiar ground on account of the associations. I remember one little circumstance which probably you never noticed. When I said good bye to you at Rye four years ago, do you know that you kissed me twice? I can never forget what a little thrill it gave me—you had attracted me so strongly, and I had not supposed that you cared the least bit in the world for me. And I was far enough from

²⁸Cornelia Baldwin, daughter of Anson Baldwin.

²⁹Jeannette Baldwin, wife of Mr. John T. Waring.

EVA'S LETTERS

dreaming that the day would come when without being the least afraid I should call you 'my dearest Lissie' and feel that my tenderest caresses would fail to make you understand just what those words mean.

You will think you have got a love letter. Sometimes when I sit down to write to you, it seems impossible to make my letter anything else, and I have to give myself a little scolding, before I can carry out my own theory, which is, that Lissie knows whether I care for her and may possibly think it very tiresome to be told about it so often.

You ask what I have been doing. My dear, I have been doing very little except make myself agreeable to company for the past two months. That is why I have not written to you before. Fanny Corne³⁰ spent a fortnight with us, and Miss Peckham³¹ arrived the day Fanny left and is still here. Mr. King³² has made us several flying visits recently and Mr. Cochran has spent three or four days with us this week. You can fancy how much time I have. Recently I have begun to learn some of Eb's songs to his satisfaction and my own. "Beautiful Venice," "Lady-love Wake" and "Farewell" I have conquered and am now busy with the "Wanderer." I felt greatly encouraged last night when Eb said that *he* could *sing almost* as well as when you played them, but I never

³⁰Of Cambridge, Mass.

³¹Miss Abbie Peckham.

³²Mr. Rufus King, of Yonkers.

expect to hear him say that *I play* them almost as well as you do.

How could you enjoy that warm weather? I was nearly melted and thought I must have lost several pounds. To my amazement I weighed 129 lbs. the other day. Just think of it, and I am not so tall as you. What do you suppose I shall weigh if I live to be sixty? I was not at all pleased to hear of your falling off. You looked so well when I saw you in June.

After my return from Rye, I contemplate a trip to Owego, N. Y. to visit Miss Nichols, the young lady Willie Baird³³ is engaged to. It is rather a quiet country place and I suppose my principal excitement will consist in watching the two lovers. I quite anticipate that. Some day I might find it convenient to know how to behave. They ought to know by this time having had five years to practice in.

You came very near the truth when you said that I found it easy to write what I was frightened out of saying. People's faces do frighten me, and yet that is not all. Those who do not see too much of our daily lives can often give us that sort of blind sympathy we could endure, which sometimes is the only kind of sympathy. I mean, we can tell our moods or thoughts without fearing that we are be-

³³Brother to Prof. Henry M. Baird, of the University of the City of New York.

traying what we would rather keep a secret. And many little things we prefer keeping a secret, because; "being observed when observation is not sympathy is just being tortured." And sometimes when observation *is* sympathy, from some people it is not agreeable. But in your case, dear, I could only be frightened at the sound of my own voice.

We are going to Uncle's³⁴ to tea and intended to play croquet, but it is raining dismally. You would wonder what had befallen me could you see me in these latter days. Abbie³⁵ insists upon dressing my hair every day, and I am completely metamorphosed. My head blossoms with puffs and rolls and crimps innumerable. Yesterday she took a fancy to put it up à la Pompadour, and after twisting the front hair on seven hairpins was proceeding to pinch it with the crimping irons when a strong odor of singed hair became perceptible. Nearly a handful of hair was burnt off the right side of my head just above the ear. Pleasant! wasn't it?

I must tell you Mother's last adventure. Yesterday morning she put on her bonnet (waterfall bonnet recollect) and went down to the village, walked all about, spoke to ever so many people and found when she got home that she had started off without her waterfall. She had forgotten to pin it on and you can perhaps fancy how her hair looked under

³⁴Mr. Anson Baldwin.

³⁵Miss Abbie Peckham.

this little bonnet. It was screwed up into a little knot about the size of a respectable walnut.

Miss Peckham is asleep on Miss Smith's bed and the latter young woman sits at her south window writing to you and watching the rain. Is not this weather provoking? It is enough to give one the blues. But I am not in the humor for having them today. I am in a mood which makes you seem so very near me, that I am almost persuaded that something has recalled me to your recollection this afternoon. I have no news for you from Fordham. Oh! Lissie I wish I had only to go to Fordham to see you. You may think of me next Friday as on my way to Boston, and on Saturday morning we hope to arrive at Rye Beach. Wish you may be there. Mother's love and mine to yourself and your dear Mother. Please write soon and if I am away they will forward it. Or better still, write to me at Rye Beach.

Ever yours, EVA.

You will be charmed with the neatness of this letter.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Dec. 6th, 1868.

My dearest Lissie:

Don't, please don't ask me to go to Andover, for it just breaks my heart to say that I cannot, and in-

EVA'S LETTERS

deed it is, at this moment an impossibility for me to leave home even for two days. You know, I am sure you know that your not being well only makes me ten times more anxious to see you. Oh! my dear Lissie, if I had only known last September that I should not be able to see you this fall, I should certainly never have gone to Owego. I should have availed myself of your invitation and substituted Andover. There is no question which of my friends I should have chosen to disappoint. But since I cannot go to you, you *must* be well enough to come to me in February, if not before. Never mind about your dress. If you have none, I will lend you one of my new ones. You shall have my white dress, veil and all if you happen to fancy it. Anything but doing without you; that I cannot make up my mind to. Indeed, my dear, you will not need a very fine dress, and I am sure you have plenty of apparel quite good enough. It will be a day wedding I think, so you can dress as you please.

Warren has purchased a parrot, which has the reputation of being a fluent speaker, but we have not been able to make the stupid thing talk much. It says "Pretty Polly" and that is about all. I am thankful to say it is kept out in the greenhouse most of the time.

It *is* rather amusing I confess, *now*, to remember what a narrow escape I had last spring. If you had

chosen to avail yourself of my permission, *I* should have been the one to die broken-hearted. I should never dream of making myself your rival. The truth is dear, that when I was at Andover, I was *sure* Mr. Cochran did not care for me, and a little angry with myself for thinking so much about him, and frightened to find that I could not help it. But in May, it was quite different and I am afraid you guessed very nearly the truth, only I was not going to *tell* you so. My dear Lissie, how often I think of the hours we spent together, and wish that I could live those weeks over again. How is that lame back? Better, I do hope. I heard of a very simple remedy the other day, which had effected a number of cures. A strip of muslin worn as a bandage over your flannel vest. It is very simple and can do no harm, you know. Won't you try it?

I am coming on nicely with my sewing, but of course have to be very busy, as we expect Miss Nichols and one of my Aunts and some children to spend Christmas and I have to get all of my white things out of the way before then. In January I shall be more than busy seeing to my dressmaking, paying visits, &c. How I do dislike all this fuss. It would be so much pleasanter to have only a week's notice, but people seem to think only daughters are in duty bound to make martyrs of themselves.

Dear Lissie, you will write to me often won't

EVA'S LETTERS

you? If I had only my own pleasure to consult I should be *more than ready* to come and "cheer you up a little." I should have the best of the bargain decidedly. I cannot do that, but if you care for my letters I will write, yes, even if my Canada letters suffer in consequence. You see whether I have made any one else "your rival." Seriously, it makes me quite sad to think of you shut up day after day, and perhaps getting discouraged and nervous. Don't have the blues whatever you do. I know it is easy to preach, but I have great faith in your being well by the first of January. As for the Cuba trip, I don't believe anyone will be able to go this year. The state of affairs there is not encouraging.

I have *not* told anyone in Yonkers when I am to be married, with the exception of Hall. He spoke of going South in Jan. and I was so afraid he might not be here. I believe he has kept the secret. He has just gone home, having taken tea here and spent the evening. Mother sends her love to your Mother and yourself to which I add mine and a dozen kisses, my darling, and at least a hundred regrets for having to refuse your request. We both wrote last Sunday. Perhaps you may be writing now to your faithful and affectionate "little girl." I hope so. Good-night and goodbye.

Yours always,

EVA.

EVA'S LETTERS

Yonkers, N. Y.

Dec. 28th, 1868.

My dearest Lissie:

I felt conscience stricken when your letter came this afternoon. For ever so many days I have been trying to find time to write to you, but, oh! my dear, I have been *so* busy. In addition to my sewing, &c. I have had a great deal of trouble with my teeth. The dentist has been killing the nerve of one and it has affected all the rest, causing me several sleepless nights. Then I had to work very hard to get my duster finished, but when completed it gave so much satisfaction that I was more than repaid. This week Miss Nichols is staying with us. I left her down in the parlor with Mr. Baird and ran away to you. Mr. Cochran spent Christmas with us but returned to Albany this morning. His brother-in-law, Mr. Cook, died very suddenly about a week ago and he is obliged to be in Albany this week on that account, but I expect him again on New Year day. He gave me the most beautiful set of stone cameos set in pearls and two shades of gold. Everyone pronounces them exquisite. What did Santa Claus bring you? Tell me when you next write.

My dear Lissie, you may be quite easy about that letter in which you dashed to the ground all my hopes of seeing you in February. I tore it up immediately, though it went to my heart to do so. It

EVA'S LETTERS

was the first and only one of your epistles I have ever destroyed. But I was a great deal more disturbed by its contents than by its fate. Though I don't believe anything very serious is the matter with you. I am sure you will understand how sorry I was to hear of it. But you must not be discouraged, my dear, and as for your being cross Mrs. Clarke* did not give any such account of you, and I don't believe it is the case. Oh! I am so sorry I could not come to Andover in November. I want so much to see you and this prospect of not seeing you in February makes me regret it still more. Oh! my dear, why do you live so far away from me? There is not a day that I don't think of you and wish that I could see you. And then I wish sometimes that I could fuss over you and pet you a little. (You have no idea how nicely I'm learning to do it). As for not seeing you at my wedding, I know not how I shall reconcile myself to it.

I have just received from the dressmaker a new walking suit which I think very pretty—the underskirt is of purple silk trimmed with purple plush, the over-jupe, cape, muff and bonnet of plush to match. I am having some of my dresses made at Stewart's and think I shall like them. They made two wrappers there last week that fit beautifully. I ordered my travelling dress on Tuesday. What do you suppose it is to be? Black silk and I mean to

*Wife of Lissie's cousin, Mr. Amasa Clarke of Brookline.



MRS. ALEXANDER GIFFORD COCHRAN
Mr. Cochran's Mother

EVA'S LETTERS

for church when the doorbell rang and for a wonder I went to answer it myself. I opened the door and there stood "Will." Judge of my surprise and joy! We had quite a merry day. Uncle Eb, Sallie and Miss Cooper,³⁶ Miss Nichols and Mr. Baird and three little cousins from West Farms dined and spent the day with us. Mr. C's arrival made it all the merrier. He found that after the funeral he could take the evening train and by travelling all night spend Christmas with us, so he came. My love to your dear Mother and beg her to take good care of herself and of you. Remember me to Mr. Clarke and do write to me soon and don't get tired of loving me.

Your devoted "little girl,"

EVA.

A thousand of my most earnest wishes for a Happy New Year. I pray that if not the happiest, it may be the most blessed year that has come to you.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Jan. 11th, 1869.

My very dear Lissie:

Your last letter has just come to hand and as I have more leisure this evening than I am likely to have for sometime, I am inclined to answer it at

³⁶Miss Ellie Cooper, sister of Mrs. Ebenezer Baldwin, and later wife of William C. Waring.

EVA'S LETTERS

once. I am so sorry to hear that you don't continue

Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Smith,

*request your presence
at the marriage of their daughter.*

Miss. Eva Smith,

with

Mr. Wm. F. Cochran,

at

St. John's Church. Yonkers.

on Thursday Feb'y. 4th at 5 o'clock P.M.

EVA'S LETTERS

for church when the doorbell rang and for a wonder



EVA'S LETTERS

once. I am so sorry to hear that you don't continue

. . . - - - - -

EVA'S LETTERS

for church when the doorbell rang and for a wonder

once. I am so sorry to hear that you don't continue to improve as rapidly as I could desire. Indeed I cannot make up my mind to do without you in February and I am not the only disappointed one, I can assure you.

So you were not surfeited with the amount of detail in my last letter! It seemed too bad to speak of nothing but myself and my own plans, but since you were not tired I will try the experiment again. You ask how long we expect to be away. Well we are going to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, perhaps further, then home for about a day and afterward to Albany and Amsterdam, returning before the tenth of March. That is Wal's twenty-first birthday and he wants to have a german or a dinner. or perhaps both, and thinks my presence necessary. We hope to have a house and home of our own about the first of May and until then will stay with my Father and Mother probably most of the time.

And now let me tell you about the wedding. It is to be in church, and I'm not going to have any bridesmaids. The ceremony will take place at five P. M. and the reception from six to eight. Oh, my dear, how much I do wish you were going to be here! You can fancy me at eight o'clock arrayed in a black silk dress and my black fur sacque stepping into the carriage to drive to town. I don't think I shall look very bride-like, and as Mr. Cochran and I have done

EVA'S LETTERS

some little travelling together I trust I shall not act so. I should like to tell you about my wedding dress if I could, but I don't know myself. It is to be a plain white silk and I send you a little piece, rather soiled however as I have carried it about in my pocket-book. The pink is for an evening dress, the green is not exactly like mine, which has less yellow in the shade. The poplin is for a short dress and I have a second, handsomer black suit for summer. That is about all I am having made. I don't want more dresses than I need. They so soon get antiquated. The dressmaker does not want to make my white dress till the last minute. I only know that it will be made high in the neck and with long sleeves, and I shall try to persuade her to make the skirt plain. Unless one can have point lace, one had better try for elegant simplicity.

I don't know how I shall find time to write again, my dear. You have no idea how many calls I have to make. They are legion and I have not yet accomplished one. Then I am still under the dentist's hands; the dressmaker's demands are numerous. I took laughing gas on Saturday and had a wisdom tooth extracted. I had been dreading it for some time, but did not feel it at all.

Mr. Cochran went up to Canada this morning intending to return in about a week, unless detained by a snow storm. This will be his last visit for some

time and I am so glad. He is about closing up his business there, so you see you need not apprehend my going thither. I will tell you a little secret. He expects to enter into partnership with my father. Will not that be delightful for all of us? It is so very, very pleasant for me, having the whole family so attached to him. Really, Lissie, you cannot imagine how much my Father and Mother and even Warren like him, and I of course, am so glad that it is so. Of course, this little business arrangement is entirely a secret at present and you are the only one to whom I have spoken of it, but I know you are a safe confidante.

I only wish Boston were South instead of East. I am sure I should see you then next month? But you will come and see us just as soon as you are able I hope. The change will do you good, and as I shall be all sewed up then, I shall want something to do and will devote myself to nursing you. Do write to me again soon. I love to get your letters. I love them as much as ever, just as much, don't think I do not. My love to your dear Mother. My Mother and all of us are disconsolate when we think of your not being here. It seems too bad that the one friend I care most to have here should not be able to come. Ever dearest Lissie,

Yours lovingly,

EVA SMITH.

EVA'S LETTERS

From the Yonkers Gazette, Feb. 6, 1869

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING—On Thursday a fashionable wedding, which was attended by the elite of Yonkers, was solemnized in St. John's Church. The high contracting parties were Wm. F. Cochran, Esq., of Albany, and Miss Eva Smith, the charming daughter of Alexander Smith, Esq., of Yonkers. The hour set for the ceremony was at 5 p. m., but it was about 5:30 before the bridal party arrived and marched up the aisle in the presence of a throng of invited guests all in full dress. As is now fashionable, no bridesmaids or groomsmen attended the pair, the bride's parents, alone, standing near to give her away. The solemn and impressive marriage ceremony of the Episcopal service was performed by Rev. Mr. Rodman of West Farms. The Bride was elegantly dressed in white, and wore a lace veil. Her dress alone is said to have cost \$1,000. After the ceremony at the church the newly-wedded pair proceeded to the residence of the bride's father on Palisade avenue, where they received the congratulations of their friends. Although they left early in the evening for the city, whence they proceed to St. Augustine, Florida, to spend their honeymoon, the festivities at the house were kept up until midnight.—The bridal presents were many, and very rich and costly. Among them was an elegant one of silver from Alex. T. Stewart, the New York mer-



HILLBRIGHT

chant prince. There was no confusion among the carriages at the reception owing to the fine order preserved by a squad of metropolitan police under charge of Sergeant Flandreau. This wedding has been the prominent topic of the bon ton for weeks and now that it is over, it is generally conceded to have been the finest affair of the kind that Yonkers has witnessed this many a year.

Napanee Mills, C. W.

March 19th, 1869.

My dearest Lissie:

Your welcome letter was duly received and I have delayed answering it till now, wishing to give you the benefit of my Canada experience. We have been settled here since Sunday, and are keeping house picnic style. I wish you could just see us; I think you would be amused. There is a large boarding-house connected with the mill for the accommodation of the "hands," and our quarters are in a little wing adjoining it. We have our private entrance, a small ante-room which we use for a wood closet and butler's pantry, the tiniest parlor serving also as dining room, and two nice bedrooms. One of them is at your service if you will make us a visit. Our kitchen is quite away from our domain and I have a very competent girl, whom I should be disposed to tempt over to the other side, were she not married and con-

EVA'S LETTERS

templating a removal to California where her husband has preceded her. Mr. Cochran sent over a great many luxuries and altogether we manage to fare very nicely. We are both just about as much delighted as two children would be with a new baby-house. Of course we are quite in the country and there is no society, but we never get lonely, and have a great deal of fun as you may perhaps imagine. I brought plenty of books and some work and they with the superintendence of my domestic concerns occupy my time very agreeably. Then Mr. Cochran is constantly coming in from the mill, and we have the most charming long sleighrides every day. We are only to be here a few days longer, but I shall really quite regret leaving. Of course everything here is very plain and nothing is for elegance, still I have made these bachelors' quarters quite cosey and we have both enjoyed our housekeeping so much.

I wish very much that we could stop at Andover on our way home, but just now I fear it will be impossible. It is very necessary that we should be at home by the first of April, and so I am again obliged to defer my long anticipated visit at Andover. Nothing could give Mr. Cochran and myself greater pleasure than to accept your invitation. You know my dear Lissie, how very much I do want to see you again. If I do not get to Boston before summer, you must come and see me. Possibly I may stay at home



MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL COOK
Taken on their wedding journey

during a part or the whole of the summer. It depends entirely upon whether we find a suitable house. That is not an easy matter in Yonkers, and at home they are all so anxious to keep us a little longer that I should be almost glad of an excuse to gratify them.

Your letter was a great relief to me, for it assured me you were getting well again. My dear Lissie I have worried over you more than you have any idea of, and I am so glad to think of you as being able to go about once more. Keep on improving and don't get discouraged. I was surprised to hear that Corneil had not written you or told you anything about my wedding. Mother told me that she had done so, and I was so delighted. Now I must try to make amends, but I presume I know less about my own wedding than any one else that was there. Everything passed off nicely, I believe; and I have been told that I never looked so well in my life. My presents were really elegant. There was a silver tea-set from Mr. Cochran's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford; an elegant bronze clock and vases from Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, Sen. Two other elegant bronze vases from Miss Cook,* my one niece. Five dozen spoons and forks from Papa, a black lace shawl from Mother. The loveliest set of pearls from Mr. Cochran, and others too numerous to mention.

*Daughter of Mr. Cochran's sister Anna.

EVA'S LETTERS

Among the rest were an elegant dessert bowl from Uncle Baldwin, and a salad bowl from Wal. I kept a list which I will copy off for you, but shall expect to exhibit all my treasures when I see you. A great many of them I have not seen myself yet. We left about nine o'clock and drove to town to take the train for Philadelphia, but all the guests remained until after midnight and danced and had a good time generally. Mother went through it bravely, never crying at all, till just as I was going away. We had all been so much afraid of her breaking down in church, but the excitement was just what she needed. She wore a light green satin dress trimmed with black lace and looked so young and pretty. I think she was the belle of the evening. There were many regrets at your absence, especially from the members of Uncle's family. Wal and Eb and two of Mr. Cochran's friends acted as ushers on that eventful evening. In going into church they walked up the aisle preceding Mother and Mr. C., and some distance behind came Papa and myself. I expected to be quite frightened, but to my surprise I was never in my life more self-possessed. At one part of the service however, my lips trembled so that I was afraid I should never say the words without crying, but I recovered myself immediately. There were over three hundred at the house, and the church was quite full, almost all present being invited friends.



WILLIAM FRANCIS COCHRAN

EvA's LETTERS

We expected the house would be uncomfortably crowded but everybody managed to breathe and move about, so it was better than we had expected.

I send you some monograms for your little friend. Please give my best love to your dear Mother and kindest remembrances to Mr. Clarke. Mr. Cochran wishes to be remembered. Do write to me again very soon and forgive me for sending you such an egotistical letter. I thought if you had heard nothing of the events of the memorable 4th you might like a few particulars even at this late day.

Good bye dearest Lissie, and "dinna forget,"

Your loving friend,

EvA.

Napanee Mills,

May 12th, 1869.

Dearest Lissie:

I have been here a whole week and yet this is my first real chance of writing to you. I meant to do so at once, to prove to you that your "little girl" had not degenerated, but the weather here is so delightful, everything is so lovely I cannot resist the temptation to be out of doors nearly all the time. My husband (how grand!) has to be out a great deal and takes me with him all over. We have the longest drives and walks every day, and spend hours sitting on the banks of the river watching the men drive the logs down to the mill. It is interesting to see

EVA'S LETTERS

them start off a body of several hundred logs, over which they run, regardless of the rolling and pitching which threaten them every instant with a ducking. Sometimes there is a jam and then the scene becomes intensely exciting. The logs crowd and pile up on each other, and a great deal of skill is sometimes necessary to send them floating down stream again without any accident occurring. The other day there was a jam at the top of a mill dam, and when the great timbers were loosened they plunged over the fall and down a miniature rapids with a force that was perfectly appalling. We all thought that the dam must give way. One forgets to remark the hour, and dinner or teatime is sure to come too soon. We have a good cook and no trouble with our house-keeping. After dinner we take a walk about a mile up the river, going through the fields at the very edge of the water. The snow is all gone, and the grass as green and fresh as possible. I gathered today a large bunch of wild flowers of three varieties which adorned the tea-table. We have a prospect of rain for tomorrow, for which we shall be deeply thankful. It has been almost too warm.

You see Lissie dear, what a delightful time I am having, and you will, I know, quite understand how charming it all is. I should be quite content to stay here a good deal longer than we shall be able. I suppose we shall start for home a week from today.



EVA SMITH COCHRAN

EVA'S LETTERS

I told Mr. Cochran what a scolding you had given me and what you said about himself and he seemed very much amused. I don't know but I may be indebted to you for my pleasant trip hither, for I have always declared that the first time he dared to go off and leave me home alone, I would pack up my trunk and start for Andover. I don't know when you will see me there however, for he doesn't seem inclined to give me a chance. Therefore you must come to Yonkers. You owe me ever so much of your good company to pay for having disappointed me on the 4th of Feb. And if you are so silly as to think I have got over wanting to see my friends, I don't know what indemnity I shall exact from you. So write and tell me you are coming.

Mr. Cochran wishes to be kindly remembered to yourself and also to your mother and cousin, in which I join him. Let me hear from you soon, and don't punish me any more. You know it is the first time I have ever been a delinquent. My love and one of my warmest kisses to my dear Lissie from her

Ever affectionate and faithful

EVA.

LATER LETTERS

Yonkers, N. Y.

Oct. 25th 1872

My dear Ellie,*

I am sure you must think me the most neglectful and unsympathetic friend you possess. Here you have been engaged I don't know how long, and I have never yet written to congratulate you. You must not think you have been out of my mind accordingly, for I have thought of you many, many times and have been on the point of writing, but always seemed to be prevented. I do hope, however, it is not too late to offer you my best wishes. I sincerely hope you may be as happy as you deserve to be; as for Will, you may congratulate him for me and tell him I am sure of his having a good wife, and can wish him nothing better.

By this time you are no doubt comfortably settled for the winter. Sallie seemed delighted at the prospect of keeping house again. For my part, I am almost discouraged. My darkies fight and quarrel with each other so. It really seems impossible to keep peace among them. Their dissensions and the sickness we have had in the family have kept me in hot water all summer. As for letter writing, I have felt

*Ellen Rowley Cooper of the Cooper family of Camden, New Jersey, which was originally called Cooperstown. Sarah E. Baldwin, mother of William and Jane Baldwin (Linnell), was an older sister. Ellen Cooper and William Crosby Waring, Jr., were married June 12, 1873, at Calvary Episcopal Church, New York. The Lilienthals gave them a wedding breakfast at their New York house. Mr. Waring, Sr., was an older brother of John T. Waring, and pioneer in the hat-manufacturing business in Yonkers.



WARREN B. SMITH AND ALEXANDER SMITH COCHRAN
1895

LATER LETTERS

as if I could not collect my wits sufficiently. All the time Warren was in Europe, I only wrote to him once.

I have been keeping old maids hall for the past two or three days. Will went up to Amsterdam on Wednesday to see his father and mother, and as they were very anxious to see Anna and it was, of course, impossible for me to go just now, he took her and the nurse with him. I am quite curious to know how they got on without me. Anna is so little trouble that I don't think there would be any difficulty, except perhaps at night. She never wants any one but Mamma to speak to her at night, and you know we have never been separated before. Don't you think I was very generous to let her go? It was a great sacrifice, I assure you, for I have missed her so, I could hardly sleep at night. I expect them home this afternoon. Give my best love to Sallie and the children. Tell the former she may expect a letter some day. Please write to me again, though I know I don't deserve it, and believe me, dear Ellie,

Your loving friend,

EVA S. COCHRAN

Hillbright, Yonkers Sept. 6/74.

My dear young friends:*

Though heartily sorry and ashamed as I am, I can offer no better excuse than the oft repeated one

*Mrs. Smith's letter was written to the Misses Corne.

LATER LETTERS

of procrastination and dislike to epistolary correspondence which I have combatted all my life and very much fear in my old age I shall completely succumb to. I remember a request in Fanny's last to send you immediate news of the arrival of Eva's last addition to the family circle which did not disappoint our fondest hopes and expectations. Our noble, beautiful little Alex Smith, now some six months old, is very much like his oldest sister Anna in looks and disposition. Whilst Lena our little black-eyed sprite is a perfect marvel of beauty and sprightliness. Eva is quite well, and as busy and happy a wife and mother as need be. They are still occupying the house next ours, but expect to remove to their new home which is now in progress and will be ready for occupancy early in the spring. The situation is charming. Mr. Cochran and Eva are very enthusiastic over it; a feeling I am sorry to say I cannot share in very much to their disgust. I shall miss our familiar intercourse and expect to be very lonely. I have little news to communicate. Mrs. Getty has quite recently made the tenth addition to her family. And Mrs. Joclyn has a young son, a great treasure I believe. It has been reported that Ella was engaged, and judging from appearances I felt warranted in offering my congratulations which she declined. Perhaps they are not quite ready to have it announced. Miss Sanger was married in the early

part of the summer and is at present acting nurse for a sick husband. We received Mrs. James Warren's wedding cards yesterday. It seems so long ago since you left that I scarcely know what will interest you—do you remember Miss Moody? It seems only the other day she was a little girl—now she is also engaged. It makes me feel so old. And then only think of my being Grand-Ma to three little ones. I can scarcely realize it myself. Do hurry home before I shall be beyond the possibility of a good romp once more. How I should enjoy having you with me just now. Our place never looked more lovely than it has this season. I have quite missed Willie's visits. For some reason he has neglected to come to us, though invited and urged both by Mr. Smith and myself. I believe he spent one night with Eva during our summer ramblings, which included Saratoga, Quogue, and a visit to Trenton, N. J., in the vicinity of which is the boyhood home of Mr. Smith, which he took me to visit after an absence of forty years. I scarcely recognized my usually undemonstrative husband in the enthusiastic, boyish, silver-whiskered individual at my side. I am quite sure his enjoyment exceeded anything I had ever witnessed in him before. Now my dear girls, do not follow my example but write me immediately long letters. Remember I am getting old. I shall look to you for a portion of the cheering old age requires. With much

LATER LETTERS

love to you both, and kind regards to your father, with kisses for little brother and sister, I am as ever your sincere friend

JANE B. SMITH

Mr. Smith, Warren, Eva and all join me in love to you individually and collectively.

Hotel de la Paix,

Geneva, Dec. 27, 1886.

My dear Lissie:

In spite of our surroundings, which though most comfortable, cheerful and really beautiful, were not exactly homelike, we spent a very pleasant and even jolly Christmas. The children put their shoes, German fashion, in a circle round the blazing wood-fire before going to bed, and found in the morning that Santa Claus had filled them with candy and all the various little articles they had written to ask him for. Elsie and Gifford had sent Santa Claus several lists of desirable presents among which soap and tooth brushes were prominent. The old gentleman was only too happy to grant such moderate requests, as you may imagine.

We have a delightful parlor here, a corner room with the loveliest view of the lake and Mt. Blanc. Here we had breakfast and our usual gifts to each other and it was very merry indeed. Will's gift to me was a beautiful secretary which he bought at the Hague. It is now on its way home, so was not visible on Xmas morning. He gave me besides a beautiful paper cutter of carved ivory and most useful of all,



MRS. WILLIAM F. COCHRAN AND HER CHILDREN

Gifford Alexander

Anna Phillips

Alexander Smith

Elizabeth Baldwin

Wm. Francis

Elinor

a box of Brown's Troches and an enormous red silk pocket handkerchief. To appreciate this joke you must know that for the past ten days I have had one of my awful colds and have hardly been out of the house. It is slowly getting better now, and as it is the first I have had since last spring and chose such a convenient time for its attack, I feel I ought not to complain.

We also had our Christmas dinner upstairs in our own room and it was a very satisfactory one with the exception of the plum pudding, which came on in a blaze of glory, but proved to be poor in plums and minus sauce. It was not modeled at all after our home puddings, I assure you.

We found it impossible to get pleasant rooms at Lausanne, so did not move, but sent for the boys to come here instead. This they were delighted to do, as it makes a pleasant change for them. So here we all are enjoying our reunion very much.

Your nice letter of Dec. 5th was duly received and appreciated likewise. Many thanks for the pretty book-mark you sent me from the fair; many thanks likewise for your account of the fair itself.

You speak of Alex studying Latin. We do not expect him to make any progress, and shall be quite satisfied if he is kept from forgetting what he has already learned, and it will not hurt him to have one study he is obliged to work hard over. Both he and Willie have improved very much in their French.

LATER LETTERS

Of course they make mistakes, especially in their verbs, but they have already overcome their timidity and acquired quite a degree of facility and before May, I am sure we shall see much greater improvement. Besides this, I think it has been a great advantage for them to be thrown on their own resources and has made them very manly and self-dependent. They say the other boys in their pension are very nice fellows, in fact I think the arrangement has the advantages without many of the disadvantages of boarding-schools.

I am glad you agree with me about the organ. It will be a relief to me on my return, to have one person to condole with. I dread seeing it again.

Will and Fermine³⁷ send much love to you all. The former has but four more days to spend with us. He leaves on Dec. 30th as he wishes two days in Paris and a little time in England before he sails on the 8th Jan. We shall feel quite desolate for a time after he leaves us. We go to Cannes on Jan. 5th. If we like Cannes and Nice, I think we shall spend most of January in that neighborhood and then go on to Naples. The chicks are well and Elsie sends her love and a kiss to which I add mine.

Yours as ever,

EVA S. COCHRAN.

Love to Hall and the children.

³⁷Daughter of Prof. Henry M. Baird and Susan Baldwin. Now Mrs. Samuel B. Hawley of Yonkers.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

DESCENDANTS OF EVA SMITH

<div> <div> <div>William Francis Cochran</div> <div>married Feb. 4, 1869</div> <div>Eva Smith</div> </div> <div> <div>1. Anna Phillips</div> <div>married</div> <div>Oct. 24, 1894</div> <div>Thomas Ewing</div> </div> <div> <div>2. Elinor</div> </div> <div> <div>3. Alexander Smith</div> </div> <div> <div>4. William Francis</div> </div> <div> <div>5. Elizabeth Baldwin</div> </div> <div> <div>6. Gifford Alexander</div> </div> </div>	<div> <div>Alexandra</div> <div>married</div> <div>Newbold Noyes</div> </div> <div> <div>Thomas</div> <div>married</div> <div>Lucia Hosmer Chase</div> </div> <div> <div>William Francis Cochran*</div> <div>married</div> <div>Emily Fordyce Dodge†</div> </div> <div> <div>Sherman</div> <div>married</div> <div>Mary Peavey Heffelfinger</div> </div> <div> <div>Gifford Cochran</div> <div>married</div> <div>Francis Leverich Riker</div> </div> <div> <div>Ellen Cox</div> <div>married</div> <div>Thomas Archibald Stone</div> </div> <div> <div>Bayard</div> </div>	<div> <div>Newbold</div> <div>Crosby Stewart</div> <div>Thomas Ewing</div> </div> <div> <div>Thomas</div> </div> <div> <div>Murray Dodge</div> <div>Patricia</div> <div>Emily Fordyce</div> <div>Ann Borodell</div> </div> <div> <div>Sherman</div> <div>Lucia</div> <div>Anna Cochran</div> </div> <div> <div>Alexandra</div> </div>
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* Descended from Ann Borodell through his mother.
† Descended from Ann Borodell through her mother.

William Francis Cochran
married Feb. 4, 1869
Eva Smith

{	2. Elinor married Percy Hamilton Stewart	Eva Smith married Harvey Wallace Shaffer	{ Harvey Wallace Ann Stewart
	4. William Francis married Annie (Nina) Gill Lorraine	Elinor Cochran married Edward Lindsley Ayres	{ Stewart Linds- ley Elinor Cochran
	5. Elizabeth Baldwin married Harry Samuel Bowen	{ Gwendolyn Gill William Francis Ann Williar Alexander Smith Lorraine Gill	
	6. Gifford Alexander married Mabel Drayton Taylor	{ Mary Cochran Alexander Cochran	
		{ Gifford Alexander Jean married George Atwell Drayton	

ANCESTRY OF ALEXANDER SMITH

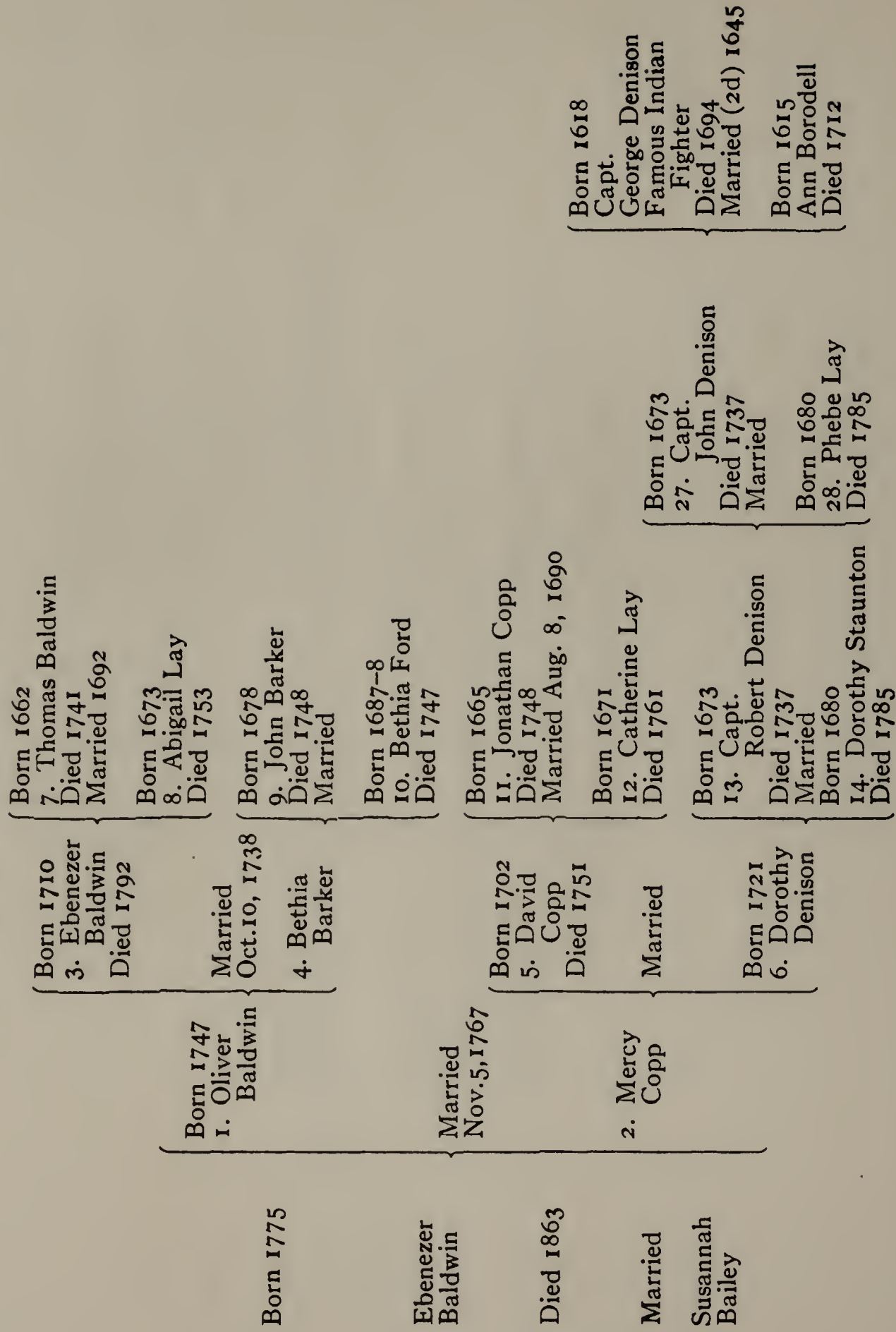
Born Hopewell, N. J., Oct. 14, 1818 { Born Hopewell, N. J., *circa* 1783
Died Yonkers, Nov. 5, 1878 { Jonathan Smith

Alexander Smith
married
Jane Baldwin

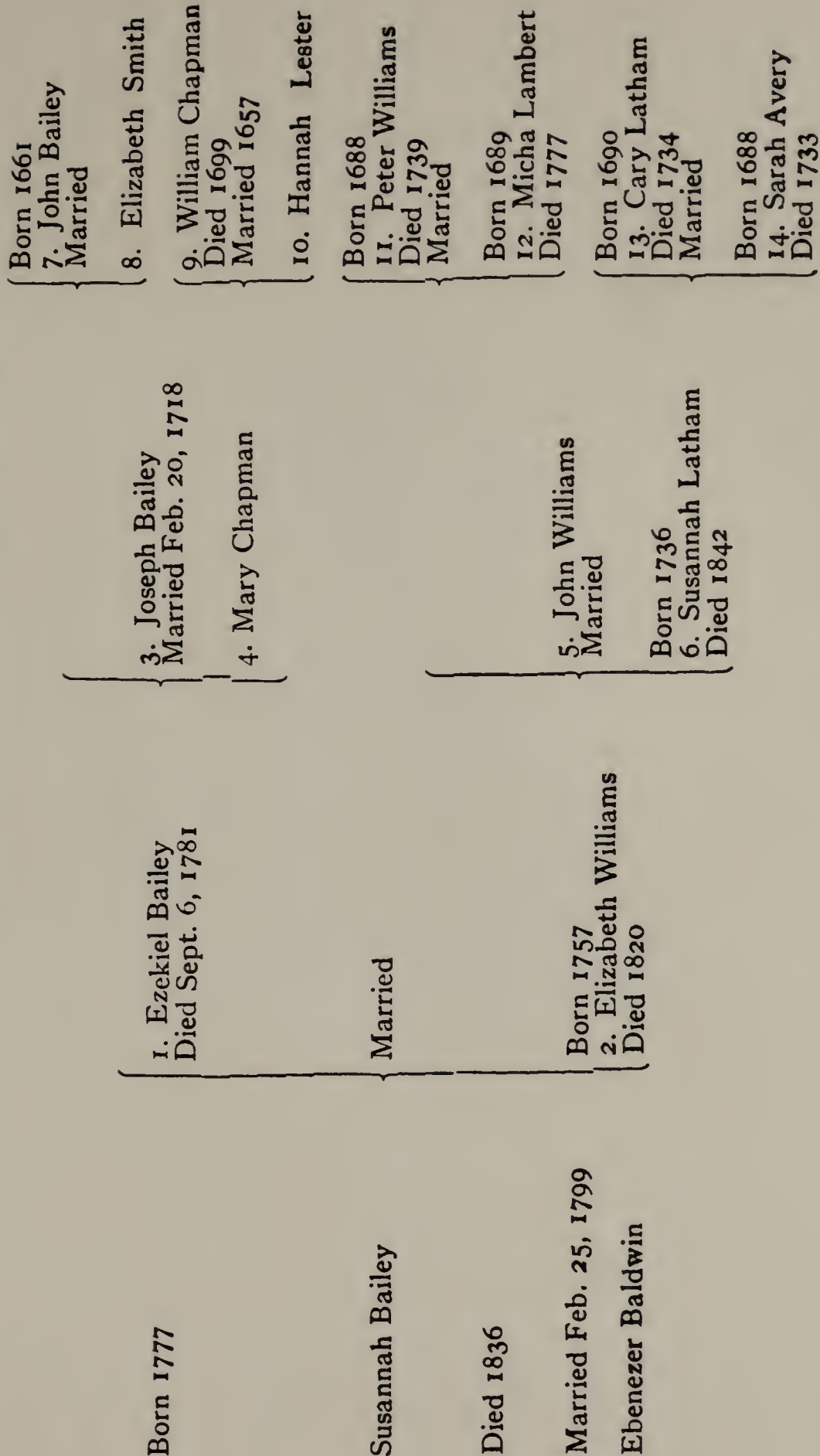
Married 1808
Circa 1788
Born New Brunswick, N. J.
Eleanor Stout

The children of Jonathan and Eleanor Stout Smith, probably not in correct order, were: Andrew, Alexander, Jonathan, Ralph, Nathaniel, Llewellen, and Sarah.

ANCESTRY OF JANE BALDWIN'S FATHER



ANCESTRY OF JANE BALDWIN'S MOTHER





ANN BORODELL DENISON

GEORGE AND ANN BORODELL
DENISON SOCIETY

GEORGE AND ANN BORODELL DENISON SOCIETY

HISTORY OF FAMILY

The streets of Mystic were decorated with the American flag Saturday in honor of the founding of the George and Ann Borodell Denison Society by the descendants of these early settlers of America. Of the 900 invited to Pequotsepos Manor on that day, more than 700 attended, and in groups of 100 visited this wonderful old house.

CAPTAIN GEORGE

Captain George Denison was born at Stratford, Hertfordshire, England, in 1618, and at the age of 13, in 1631, came to America on the ship *Lion* with his father, William Denison, and brothers Daniel and Edward. They settled in Roxbury, Mass., and at the age of 22 George was united in marriage to Bridget Thompson, the daughter of John Thompson of Preston, Northamptonshire, England. In 1643 Mrs. Denison died, leaving two small daughters, Sarah and Hannah, who in later years dwelt in Stonington. Soon after the death of his wife, Captain Denison returned to England and enlisted under Oliver Cromwell in the successful fight against

GEORGE AND ANN

Charles I. While recuperating from a wound received at the battle of Naseby at the home of John Borodell of Cork, Ireland, the romance between Captain Denison and Borodell's daughter began and culminated in their marriage, when Denison regained his health.

They returned to Roxbury where a son, John, and a daughter, Ann, were born. In 1651 the Denisons moved to New London and in 1654 to Stonington, where Captain Denison had purchased about 500 acres of land lying east of Pequotsepos Brook. He soon became the leader of the group of settlers in this locality and had charge of many of the public affairs of this settlement.

LADY ANN BORODELL

The first house that Captain Denison built for his family which grew until there were seven children was undoubtedly a log cabin with a stockade around it for protection against the attacks of the Pequots. There was also a stone fort near the house. There he resided until his death on October 23, 1694, at the age of 76. His wife survived him by 18 years, dying at the age of 97, September 26, 1712. Mrs. Denison was known to the settlers as Lady Ann and some claim that the title was hers from England.

George Denison, grandson of Captain Denison,

BORODELL DENISON SOCIETY

was the builder of Pequotsepos Manor, and until the fourth generation in this country, the Denisons lived in southeastern Connecticut. One of this generation, Captain Robert Denison, moved to Nova Scotia, where his descendants are now living.

Robert Denison of the fifth generation moved westward to Knox, N. Y., and two of his sons and three daughters migrated to Napanee, Canada. Many other Denisons moved to Vermont and Massachusetts and about the same time some went to New York and Pennsylvania, going from there to Ohio and westward to Oregon and California. The Southern States attracted only a few members of the clan.

Intermarriage of the Denisons with the Palmer, Chesebrough, Stanton, Williams, Billings, Brown and Babcock families gives a large number of the society in this locality.

PEQUOTSEPOS MANOR

The house built in 1717 and now owned by the eighth descendant of Captain George Denison, Mrs. N. Stanton Gates, is about a mile from the village of Mystic and is situated on the slope of a hill commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country. One can see the Mystic River and Fishers Island Sound, with Fishers Island and Long Island in the distance. To the west is Pequot Hill, and north, Quocataug and Lantern Hills, scenes of

GEORGE AND ANN

beauty that are unrivalled in this section of the country.

The house is as near to the original as it possibly can be, with necessary repairs, such as the replacing of the original three-foot shingles with exact reproductions. Modern improvements, including bath rooms, steam heat and electricity, have been installed, but the fixtures are in keeping with their surroundings. All of the beautiful old fireplaces are in use and the promise is given of the restoration of the old Dutch oven in one.

The front door with its iron knocker is in the centre of the house, and furnishings are the rarest colonial pieces. Two jugs in the hall bear the dates of 1830 and 1847.

An old tin lantern hides the electric light, and a grandfather's clock keeps perfect time in one corner.

The east room is the living-room, and contains the framed will of Captain George Denison, dated 1693, and it can still be read by those who will take a little time in doing so. In the old corner cupboard is a set of dishes given to Mrs. Gates' grandmother in 1825, still intact, which is used on special occasions. There is also a "Welcome" glass marked 1825 in honor of Lafayette's visit to America in that year.

Brass candlesticks owned by Ann Borodell Deni-

BORODELL DENISON SOCIETY

son are on the mantel and a lustre pitcher that belonged to the great-grandmother of Mrs. Gates. With these are an old fuel lamp, a writing-desk, a great-grandfather's chair and other old chairs. Hooked rugs complete the furnishings of this room.

In a smaller room are a gate-leg table and Windsor chairs, and a trunk owned by Fred Denison, who was killed in the War of 1812.

The only modern furniture in the house is in the dining-room. An immense copper kettle hangs on its crane in the fireplace. On the sideboard is a beautiful set of old silver. Here is the Terry clock, bearing the inscription "Invented by Eli Terry, made and sold at Plymouth, Conn., E. Terry and Sons. Warranted if well used." With this, on the mantel, are pewter plates and candlesticks.

A bedroom on the first floor is furnished in pieces of old maple.

The parlor, on the west, has just been decorated by Miss Helen Hunt of Bronxville, N. Y., and is panelled on both sides of the fireplace. Two brass hooks used by Ann Borodell Denison for her knitting are in the walls. The rare and valuable furnishings are an old melodeon in good condition, two tables, fiddle-back chairs, and a banister-back Windsor chair.

Upstairs are two bedrooms, one containing the old high bed, necessitating a flight of steps to get into

it. There is a sampler made by Mrs. Marcia Denison Stanton, aunt of Mrs. Gates, when she was eight years of age. One room is furnished in mahogany, the other in maple.

The kitchen is in an ell that has been added to the house in the last century.

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